

INTERVIEW
**JURGEN
KLOPP**



**The Premier League
winner on politics, the
pandemic and his simple
personal philosophy**

PETER KELLNER ON WHERE THE POLLS ARE POINTING

THE NEW EUROPEAN

#201 ★ www.theneweuropean.co.uk ★

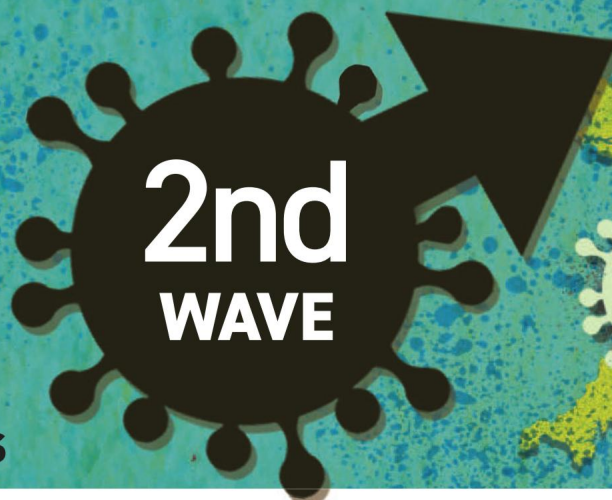
★ Thursday, July 2 - Wednesday, July 8, 2020 ★ £3

**OUTLOOK
FOR THE
SUMMER?**

**MICHAEL WHITE: THE
UK'S VERY UNSETTLED
CORONA FORECAST**

**GERMANY'S
BUMPY ROAD OUT
OF LOCKDOWN
CATHRIN SCHAEER**

**COVID MEETS
CUPID... THE NEW
PERILS OF DATING
CLAUDIA WILLIAMS**



ROI €3 Rest of Eurozone €5 CHE F7.90



VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

Shine light on Uighur plight

Andrew Adonis



The question can no longer be ducked: is China's persecution of its ethnic minorities a genocide in the making?

I see China's ruler Xi Jinping in a wholly new light since interviewing former Australian prime minister Kevin Rudd in these pages a few weeks ago. From his vast experience of Chinese politics and statecraft, Rudd describes Xi as a radical change of type, not degree.

From the mid-1970s, Deng Xiaoping and his successors sought consensus at home and trade and rapprochement with the west after the abominations of Mao's Cultural Revolution, albeit without sacrificing ultimate control of a party increasingly 'communist' in name only. There was a golden moment when even this one-party state might have been negotiable, but it was tragically crushed when the tanks rolled into Tiananmen Square on June 4, 1989.

Even then, however, it was tyranny tempered by trade, capitalism and a degree of circumspection, including term limits on communist party bosses. By contrast, Xi is an unfettered emperor in the tradition of Mao.

We now face not a pragmatic one-party state but a doctrinaire one-man dictatorship. And the dictator, well into his second decade of power after abrogating Deng's term limits, is determined to stamp out latent as well as actual dissent, even at the price of western trade and collaboration.

Xi's state security law for Hong Kong, published this week, is a fundamental and deliberate breach of the 1984 Sino-British declaration, which guaranteed the political freedoms of that hugely successful trading city for at least 50 years. As guarantor of the declaration, we in Britain cannot escape responsibility to take the lead in offering asylum and refuge if, as looks possible and even imminent, repression of Hong Kong's democrats takes place.

Hong Kong could be the new West Berlin, a defining struggle in a new Cold War which we have no choice but to fight if western



values, prosperity and power are not to be undermined.

Like West Berlin, Hong Kong may be salvageable and defensible because of its innate strengths and its position in the eye of the world. But only if the west leads with the strength of Ernie Bevin and George Marshall in the face of Stalin's attempt to snuff out West Berlin in 1948/9.

For the ethnic minorities in the west of China, what started as repression is ratcheted up month by month into a new Cultural Revolution.

Claims that perhaps one million, perhaps as many as three million, Uighurs, Kazakhs and other ethnic groups have been driven into 're-education' camps have been made by respected human rights organisations such as Human Rights Watch. Satellite images show the scale of the camps, and British diplomats who have visited Xinjiang say that these reports are broadly accurate.

The UN Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination describes the region as "a massive internment camp shrouded in secrecy, a 'no rights' zone, while members of the Xinjiang Uighur minority, along with others who were identified as Muslim, were being treated as enemies of the state based on nothing more than their ethno-religious identity".

Uighurs have been arrested and sent to the camps for simply having WhatsApp on their mobile phones, for having relatives living abroad, and for accessing religious materials online. Often no reason is given at all. They have no access to legal counsel or mechanism for appeal, and often the family are not told where the detainee is held or when they might be released.

But we are now well beyond 're-education camps'. Research by the reputable German anthropologist Adrian Zenz suggests that the dramatic decline in the birth rate among the ethnic minority communities in Xinjiang may indicate the promotion of a targeted birth prevention strategy which, along with the destruction of cemeteries, reports of mass incarceration, indoctrination, extrajudicial detention, invasive surveillance, forced labour and other crimes "could point towards the crime of genocide".

"Hide your light and bide your time," was Deng's motto. It is how he survived Mao. It is time for the west to shine its light on the new Mao and stop pretending we can continue as before.

■ See pages 26 to 28 for exclusive extracts of Andrew Adonis' new biography of Ernest Bevin

8

GERMAN LESSONS

What to make of post-lockdown flare-ups in Europe's 'most sensible' nation?

BY CATHRIN SCHAEER

9

ALLEZ LES VERTS

The Green surge reshaping French politics

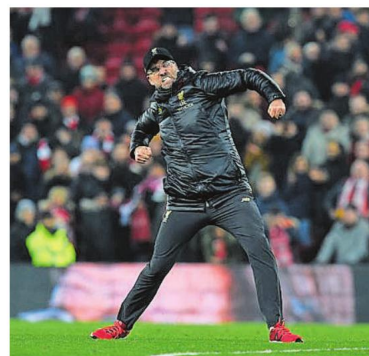
BY CONSTANCE KAMPFNER

16-17

CUPID MEETS COVID

How the pandemic has played havoc on the dating scene

BY CLAUDIA WILLIAMS



21-25

TOP KLOPP

An interview with the Liverpool manager on Covid, politics and his underlying philosophy

BY TONY EVANS



31-37

NORMAN CONTEXT

The coastal region that became the Impressionists' favourite playground

BY RICHARD HOLLEDGE

38-39

HAITIAN HERO

The tragic story of the scorer of one of the most memorable goals in football history

BY WILL SIMPSON



40-41

COOL FOR KATHMANDU

How the Nepalese capital's music scene navigates its sensitive politics

BY SOPHIA DEBOICK

NEW MAO:
Chinese
president Xi
Jinping

Photo Kevin
Frayer/
Getty Images

SUBSCRIBE: Join the movement.. for great subscription offers see Page Three
ADVERTISE: Support us by advertising your business: contact matt.kelly@archant.co.uk

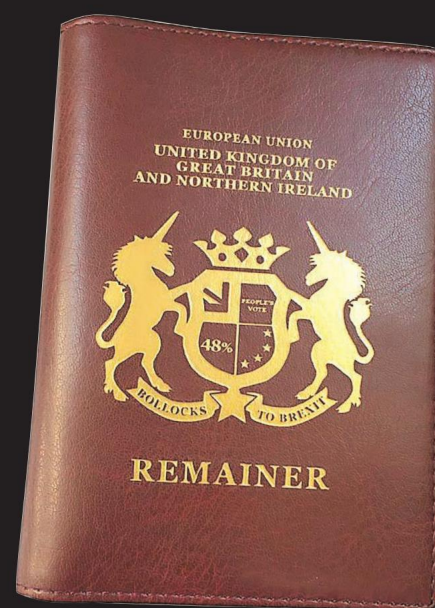
THE NEW EUROPEAN
"A POP-UP PUBLICATION"

BE A HOLIDAY REMAINER WITH THIS LIMITED OFFER!

**13 ISSUES FOR JUST £20
+
FREE REMAINER PASSPORT HOLDER!**



**SAVE
49%**



GET THIS EXCLUSIVE OFFER TODAY:

👉 www.subsave.co.uk/200 ☎️ 01858 438864 quote CTNEPP20

Terms & Conditions: Subscribe and get 13 weeks of The New European for just £20 by Direct Debit, saving you 49%. After your first 13 weeks, your subscription rate will continue at £25.35 every 13 weeks. Alternatively, Credit/ Debit card option available at £30 for 13 weeks. Savings are based on cover price. Gift available whilst stocks last. Please allow up to 28 days for delivery of gift. Please call +44 01858 438864 for overseas rates. Lines are open 8am - 5pm Monday to Friday. Offer ends 31/07/2020

AGENDA

Beware the Super Smash Bros



MICHAEL WHITE ON HOW NO. 10 IS RIPPING UP THE RULEBOOK WITHOUT A REPLACEMENT

The paradox at the heart of this week's dismissal of Mark Sedwill as Whitehall's Grand Vizier is that Dominic Cummings has scattered so much forensic evidence at the scene of the crime that it will likely seal his own fate in due course. Experienced senior officials simply have to allow this "career psychopath" to trip up on his own cleverness (again) and make sure he takes the blame.

Who knows when or how this variation on Boris's beloved whack-a-mole will come about? Perhaps this week's undignified dither over the significant uptick in Covid-19 cases in Leicester and the necessity (disputed) to re-impose a local lockdown ahead of Saturday's Stage 3 'Independence Day' will be tracked-and-traced to Dom's door. Or will Gavin Williamson's implausible threat to fine parents who refuse to send their kids back to school when – and if – they reopen in September do the trick?

With so much uncertainty surrounding the easing of restrictions – and epidemiologists' fear of first wave resurgences, let alone a winter second wave – reorganising the inner machinery of Whitehall will strike many as an odd distraction at best. Especially at a time when ministerial rhetoric is emphasising the localisation of power and prosperity just as soon as Covid and Brexit permit. It's not how they actually behave, is it, Messrs Hancock and Jenrick?

If the Great Re-Opening goes wrong Cummings knows better than anyone except the PM's ex-wives and sweethearts that in a him-or-me moment he cannot rely on the loyalty of Boris (again). As for Michael Gove, forced by David Cameron to sack his turbulent special adviser in 2014, no one hoping to enjoy a ripe old age should put much faith in 'Trust Me' Govey. The "hard rain" Cummings so recently predicted for fallible civil servants will drown him too. There will be no social distancing problems at Dom's political funeral.

For Brexit-focused *TNE* readers the important detail to emerge from Cummings' latest drive-by shooting is that Johnson apparently hopes to have sovereign Britain's EU trade deal tied up by September. Either that or talks will have broken down. It may simply be a bit of fantasy game theory, intended to put pressure on the 27 who will just shrug – if they notice at all. This week's mood music from Angela Merkel is not encouraging: Britain will have to "bear the consequences" of its decisions, she says.

Either way No.10's timetable will allow his negotiator, David – soon to be Lord – Frost, to replace Sir Mark as national security adviser. Unlike Sedwill and other previous holders of this grandiose title, Frost is a political appointee, one with no relevant experience, as an angry Theresa May was moved to say. Now that haywire government policy is actively

undermining national security it may not matter much. Sedwill is reportedly promised Boris's backing (ho, ho) to become next secretary general of Nato in 2022. That is another fantasy scenario.



As Michel Barnier's negotiating clock ticks away, Britain and the 27 have publicly flagged up willingness to show greater flexibility. So there may be some prospect of a pretty basic deal emerging before the Brexit transition ends on December 31, though Tony Blair's friends in Brussels tell him otherwise. I saw a single paragraph, appended to a Sedwill story in Monday's *Times*, suggesting UK concessions on enforcement procedures (including acceptance of retaliatory tariffs) for future breaches of level playing field agreements on trade, fishing and security.

Barnier and Lord Frosty met in Brussels for two hours on Monday, the first such face-to-face session since lockdown and the first of six planned by slimmed-down teams between now and August 17. Tuesday's papers were devoid of diplomatic posturing by either side, let alone reports of possible progress. That may be a good sign that serious engagement may finally be under way behind firmly closed doors. On Wednesday only the *FT* clocked Barnier's testy warning that the City can't expect an "equivalence" free pass for its financial services.

In our world of 24/7 media distraction, No.10 had already switched the rolling drumbeat of self-promotion towards Tuesday's "build, build, build" announcement by the PM. Not content with being the new Churchill, he now plans to be the new Franklin D. Roosevelt as well. On Tuesday's he duly re-announced public spending on neglected or overdue infrastructure projects, those 40 hospitals, 50 schools, HS2, plus roads, homes, apprenticeships and much else. As usual, it is government by column, hasty back-of-envelope stuff. Oh yes, green too – but not too green.

Johnson's promises are huge ("I am not a communist"), but the sums involved – £5 billion or so – relatively modest, not least when compared with the £300 billion bill which Covid-19 has already cost the Treasury. In any case the "spend, spend, spend" dash for growth clashed with Sedwill's sacking ("we have agreed that I will leave") and several days of confusion over what restrictions ministers planned to impose on Labour-controlled Leicester.

Its formidable elected mayor, the veteran ex-MP, Sir Peter Soulsby, called "cobbled together". Hancock's 9pm statement to MPs on Monday sounded too little, too late. Soulsby, who had been told in a 1am message, protested that he had flagged up the city's apparent surge 11

days earlier and increased testing. Hancock says he knew that and had concluded that targeted local action hadn't curbed the surge as it had done in Keighley and Weston-super-Mare. Doncaster, Barnsley, Bradford, next in line for renewed hibernation? "Share your local track-and-trace data," the BMA begs Whitehall.



It's wise to try and sympathise with ministers in a daunting situation which finds echoes in many countries and regions the world over. The mounting sense of crisis in the US – 4% of the world's population, but 25% (125,000) of its Covid deaths – is painful to watch. Mostly southern states of the Texan 'live free or die' variety which re-opened too soon and too casually face resurgent outbreaks. It is not (as I wrongly wrote here last week) the second wave, it is – we hope – the last twitch of the first. Most pandemics return. Social distancing and track-and-trace testing is about dealing with the near-inevitable.

Conservative-minded scientists and their free market allies have argued throughout this pandemic that the lockdown strategy has been wrong and may kill more people through economic hardship. Isolating the old and vulnerable would have been better, they say. Most of the elderly dead would have died anyway.

That sounds a bit breezily Brexity to me, Swedish if you prefer. But I'm no expert. What I do know is that the Spanish flu of 1918-20 wasn't actually Spanish in origin, but Spain was neutral in the First World War and so first reported what was hushed up elsewhere. It came back in August 1918 in a more savage form that killed the young and healthy in 24 hours.

The super-spreaders of 1918 were mostly soldiers in the closing drama on the Western Front, initially via American troops arriving for the last big push, because the first outbreak was detected in an army base in Kansas in March (don't tell Donald Trump it was "Kansas flu"). Doctors thought they were dealing with a bacterial infection, not that they could have handled a viral one in those days. As Jeremy Hunt, the best Tory pandemic PM we haven't got, said this week, recovery will be a "stop-go process until we find a vaccine". If we find one, doctors added.

Meanwhile, we're feeling our way in semi-darkness, albeit with much more light than in 1918. Those hedonistic crowds pouring on to Bournemouth beach, leaving behind over 50 tons of litter (including laughing gas canisters), upset the locals who now know what the residents of Majorca's Magaluf and other Mediterranean tourist hotspots endure every year. The Greeks have just turned

down Brits wanting to visit in July. Funny that they see us as potential spreaders, not the other way round.

But we are all learning, and bustling Bournemouth may serve a test case purpose. Will there be a traceable surge among those who rashly dashed to assorted seaside resorts on a boiling hot weekend, playing the role played by General Pershing's 'doughboys' arriving in French and British ports in the summer of 1918? If not, does that mean it's safe for the young and healthy to get on with their lives? Always provided they're not poor, black and/or doing menial frontline work, you might add.

Simply to frame it that way is to underline how much is at stake here, the outlook as unsettled as summer's weather forecast. In 1918 our medical ignorance allowed societies worldwide to carry on war-fighting. The human cost was great (up to 50 million dead, more than those killed in conflict) and ricocheted into the future because key peacemakers at Versailles, including Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson, were infected. But the damaged global economy kept going.

Nowadays we are so much richer and smarter, but also more risk-averse, less stoical in our willingness to endure hardship at a much lower level – for most of us – than people accepted then. Watching crowd-free Premier League football on TV (we can opt to switch off the canned cheering) or listening to how live performers – theatre and music face existential crises – can recapture versions of acoustic reality is both daunting and a reminder of how far we have come.

How might we have behaved in lockdown without Netflix or Zoom? The crowds outside Anfield when Jürgen Klopp's Liverpool FC finally clinched the Premier League, at the spontaneous raves in many towns and cities (some spontaneously organised by drugs gangs?), the beach crowds, they all point to pent-up energy rearing to go.

The Black Lives Matter protests highlight more troubling divisions, as do attacks on police officers trying to break up illegal parties. As with Brexit it is tempting to see the nation torn between the reckless and the ultra-cautious when most of us are somewhere in between.

The Johnson government manifests both tendencies in its distinctively chaotic way. Though Blair's criticism was implied rather than stated in his *Sunday Times* interview (the one where he admitted never doing the lockdown cooking or cleaning the loo), half of his brain clearly itches to take charge again, though he sees our post-Covid economic prospects as "terrifying". As one American pandemic veteran old the *New York Times*, "it's not about closed vs open. It's about how to open safer and



how to do it carefully so we don't have to close again".



Yet here is Boris's Britain, its Brexit and Covid strategies still clouded in uncertainty, its Downing Street nerve centre riven by self-inflicted division, opening up what promises to be a major new chapter in the nation's history: Boris's "Rooseveltian" New Deal to re-ignite the economy after what he admitted in hard-pressed Dudley was a "vertiginous drop in GDP". His language was as colourfully lurid as the Monday morning columns he used to dash off for the *Telegraph*, hyper-active as the scenery crashes around him.

But columns are not government and watching him only made me think of the UCL psychologists warning that everyone put into a Covid ICU – as "no cheese-paring" Johnson was in April – should be tested for post-traumatic stress disorder, anxiety and depression.

Doesn't New York-born Boris know that FDR is still loathed by American conservatives, which is why they lionise Churchill as a substitute? Doesn't he know that free market British economists of the kind who backed Vote Leave still think the New Deal's vast programmes of federal spending held back the US recovery from the Great Depression?

Or does he know, but not care that he is busily offending his suspicious Brexit

faction who still worship at the altar of Thatcherism? More important, doesn't Johnson know that the notional basis for adding to the prodigious borrowing imposed by the pandemic – on top of flagging growth before Wuhan's first reported case – rests on current near-zero interest rates that can't last? Certainly not for Britain which depends heavily on retaining credibility in the global financial markets to fund its debt. Beware inflation.



Did anyone tell him that one analyst at a major US bank this week rated sterling as on a par with volatile emerging market currencies – specifically with the Mexican peso? "Flattening the currency sombrero," as columnist Boris might put it if Jeremy Corbyn were promising similar profligacy. Did anyone remind him that the London stock market is under-performing and household personal debt is soaring? Or that Britain's notorious skills shortage will stop "build, build, build" very quickly unless he imports workers? It's not just a column.

The clue to the latest Johnsonian lurch can be found (it's on the No.10 website) in a little-reported speech made to the Ditchley Foundation by Michael Gove on Saturday. Gove is capable of serious speech-making in ways than Joker Johnson is not, but is equally shameless. His hero is Edmund

Burke, champion of life's "little platoons". Yet here he was explicitly extolling FDR, the most successful democratic exponent of big government.

Gove cited the Italian Marxist, Antonio Gramsci, to the effect that societies in transition suffer "morbid symptoms" of social and economic dislocation, in the 1930s fascism and dictatorship. They occur because mainstream elites are judged to have neglected and failed the "forgotten man" and woman. He rattled off the usual list of wars and mistakes, many of which he admitted supporting at the time, including the 2010 scrapping of Labour's school building plans – now to be revived. Technology is wonderful, but also disruptive, Gove added.

What FDR did when faced with a similar challenge after 1932 was to "build from the bottom up", to innovate restlessly – "flexible, adaptive, empirical," said Gove spouting pure-Cummings-ese. He also recruited a cross-party array of talented outsiders, "weirdos and misfits" as Dom would put it – to experiment like crazy and jettison what doesn't work. Out with mutually applauding, risk-averse "cosy consensus" in London, in with ideas from people who live in Middlesbrough, Merthyr or Mansfield. If Govey has his way that will soon include senior civil servants relocated and engaged in "bold, restless experiments".

I think we can all follow that. Indeed we have done, because most governments promise much the same and some even move the dial more than a bit. But hang

on. Team Boris says civil servants move too often to acquire expertise in depth, but gives the NSA job to Lord Frost and eases out others whose faces don't fit. Rule by special advisers is a recipe for "group think" and "yes men" replies Gus O'Donnell, a former cabinet secretary.

Scrap planning laws and regulations? So that Robert Jenrick's pals and Tory donors can profit more at public expense? Move civil servants to 'neglected' cities like Newcastle when it already services most of the DWP? Make government closer to ordinary people when it persistently fails to consult the devolved administrations and bounces its version of local lockdown on Leicester's competent local leaders, health specialist MPs Jon Ashworth and Liz Kendall as well as Soulsby? Diversity and bold experiment when "demolish, demolish, demolish" Cummings rules No.10 by fear?

Talk about confusing messages to the voters, eh! Talk about "cultural condescension," as Gove did when the Brexit and Covid strategies have both been hampered by hand-shaking condescension and blithe optimism followed by U-turns.

They now include a promised crusade against obesity led by a man who weighed 17st 7lbs when admitted to hospital and who once championed poor people's right to stuff themselves with pie and chips. At this rate he'll soon be doing family values. They're just words, aren't they?

AGENDA

NEW BATTLEGROUND:
The once-Labour northern heartlands like Blyth, pictured, are Tory now, but can Johnson really keep them?

Photo: Getty Images

No solid foundations for Tories' Red Wall

The Conservatives' grip on the northern and Midlands seats they took from Labour has weakened since the election, says **ANTHONY CLAVANE**



At 11.31pm on December 12, 2019, a new political landscape came into being. The returning officer for the former mining community of Blyth Valley announced an unexpected breach in Labour's 'red wall' as Ian Levy became the first Conservative MP in the constituency's 69-year history. The following morning Boris Johnson promised he would use his 80-seat Commons majority to "level up" opportunities between the north and the south.

This week these two buzz phrases – red wall and levelling up – have once again been doing the rounds as the government attempts to regain the initiative and outline its plans for economic recovery. Johnson clearly hopes this his strategy will also allow him to recover his party's grip on its key battleground seats in the north and the Midlands. A new dawn is upon us, apparently, with his trailblazer projects all set to deliver the economic security his "new working-class base" craves.

This latest attempt to seize back control of the narrative has been met with a certain degree of scepticism in the former industrial heartlands. Announcing policies to reward the voters who put him in power is one thing. Delivering them quite another.

Johnson is being presumptuous in proclaiming the red wall of Labour seats his party won is now a 'blue wall'. True, last December the Tories overturned decades of family tradition, Blyth Valley becoming one of 33 constituencies which flipped from Labour to the Conservatives.

But talk of a sea change has been premature. In the Covid era, votes are more fluid than ever. Indeed, the fact that levelling up is back on the policy agenda is a recognition that the electorate has become more volatile during the pandemic – and that the support of the new Tory voters is still very conditional. It is also an admission that the bricks of the wall are loosening and, up against a far more capable opposition leader, the 2024 general election will be a much harder battle. Johnson's party's lead over Labour is at its lowest point since before the general election and, for the first time, a poll has shown Sir Keir Starmer scoring higher in a survey of who voters would prefer to be in No.10. It could be argued that the reasons for this fall in popularity – the handling of the coronavirus crisis, the U-turns and the looming economic crisis – apply equally to the country as a whole. But it is also clear that in the red wall seats the impact has been greater.

It is estimated that the living standards in these regions have fallen even further behind.

Lower earners, in particular, have suffered the brunt of the economic fallout; less able to isolate themselves at home, and exposed to the worst effects of the pandemic, they have faced what the Joseph Rowntree Foundation think tank has dubbed a "double injustice".

During the lockdown, the very battleground constituencies Johnson promised to level up have been at the sharp end of a surge in job losses.

The Boris Fan Club claims this is all beyond his control. After all, any government would have had a nightmare trying to deal with such unprecedented circumstances. This is to

miss the point. Under Johnson's watch, the inequality gap between the prosperous and the less well off has been widened.

Posing as anti-elitist, the Johnson-Cummings project was all about convincing the new northern electoral base they were for 'the people' and against 'the establishment'.

This new base, however, has been unimpressed by the mismanagement of the pandemic. From the U-turn on free school meals vouchers to his refusal to sack a minister at the centre of a scandal, the perception that he is "one of us" not "one of them" has crumbled.

The Dominic Cummings saga prompted the view that lockdown restrictions applied to the many not the few. It was, as the *Yorkshire Post* put it, "a scandal which reveals a discernible arrogance and shameful hypocrisy at the heart of Downing Street".

The Bishop of Leeds spoke for many when he accused Johnson of treating the British people like "mugs".

The free school meal vouchers saga confirmed this view. First Manchester United striker Marcus Rashford forced the government to reverse its decision on the vouchers, and then Tory MP Ben Bradley argued that there should be checks on parents spending them on booze and fags.

The Tories' new working class base will not be reassured by a recent Social Market Foundation report warning of the "severe economic disruption" that would face the northwest and the Midlands if the coronavirus crisis was followed up by a no-deal Brexit.

The emotional slogan "Get Brexit Done" helped Johnson romp to victory at the last election. But the practical reality of the Covid-19 era has demonstrated the need to secure an EU trade deal.

The foundation has calculated that 70% of voters in seats which switched from Labour to the Conservatives last December said they wanted the UK to prioritise working with Europe.

If there is hope for the Tories, it lies in the perceived 'wokeness' at the heart of left wing politics. The red wall voters are deemed to be social conservatives, turned off by the cosmopolitanism of right-on identity politics.

On matters such as defending Winston Churchill's reputation, defacing the Cenotaph, curbing foreign aid and scrapping trans self-ID plans, Cummings believes that stirring up a divisive culture war could be a winning tactic in battleground constituencies. He will no doubt continue to push hard on this over the next few years, painting Starmer – a human rights QC from Kentish Town – as the leader of a more metropolitan, more middle-class Labour Party.

But, as Johnson clearly understands, it's still "the economy, stupid" that really matters.

This is why, when told at the beginning of lockdown that unemployment could rise from 1.3 million to about two million and have a disproportionate impact on former mining and manufacturing areas, he is reported to have replied: "Christ!" With 16 of the new red wall seats having majorities under 1,000, and politics in a continuous state of flux, he knows there's still everything to play for.

Better at breaking than building things



JAMES BALL'S DECONSTRUCTED



There are very few of us who would actively want to hear much about home insulation. But for governments, it's the kind of boring policy that makes a lot of sense – especially during a recession.

Offering generous subsidies for home insulation helps cut bills for low-income families, keeps homes warmer in winter and cooler in summer, and helps tackle climate change. It's also easy to start very quickly, creates jobs suitable for people with relatively brief re-training, and so simulates the economy.

No-one is ever going to start a culture war over home insulation – but it is the sort of boring-but-good policy of which decent governments and economic recoveries alike are made.

Unsurprisingly, then, it's a policy which – despite being in the Conservatives 2019 manifesto to the tune of £9 billion of spending – is now believed by officials to be dead-on-arrival, not least because Dominic Cummings dismisses it as "boring old housing insulation".

Cummings – along with Boris Johnson and Michael Gove – is supposedly trying to rebuild a lot of things all at once – not least the civil service and the UK economy. But the fate of that home-insulation policy tells us a lot about how that's likely to go: People will come up with relatively popular, sensible, workable ways of doing things that will then get kicked out for not being exciting enough – only for us to find there are no alternatives left in their place.

Other clues about what this government is likely to deliver came in the announcement of its post-coronavirus recovery plan on Tuesday. As Boris Johnson's barrage of mixed metaphors marched his rhetorical troops to the top of the hill, where all the king's horses and men couldn't put them together again, his policies were even more of a mess.

Johnson was attempting to outline a "New Deal" for the UK, a deliberate echo of Franklin D. Roosevelt's huge spending plan to lift the US out of the Great Depression and to rebuild a nation. The New Deal spent more than a third of the country's GDP, and included \$7 billion on infrastructure projects alone – \$138 billion in today's money.

Johnson's speech, on the other hand, included £5 billion of spending which had previously been announced, and further billions for house spending which had previously been in the budget. In fact, the speech apparently slowed the period of spending for the house building to eight years rather than five.

So, Johnson's New Deal announcement included nothing 'new' and the 'deal' was that it, if anything, slowed spending down rather than sped it up. Spending that could have been ready-to-go wasn't, and so Johnson's main achievement was in drawing the nation's media into

noticing he had nothing to say. That pattern of knowing how to break things apart and then being clueless when it comes to piecing them back together comes across even more clearly when looking at the civil service, and the dramatic departures of multiple figures at its top.

Last weekend, Michael Gove gave a speech almost any reforming minister of the last 20 years should have given: the civil service needs more science graduates, ministries should move power and senior jobs out of London, civil servants need to be able to pick up expertise instead of hopping around departments, government needs top-quality independent advice.

The Gove-Johnson-Cummings triumvirate, meanwhile, successfully forced out the shortest-serving cabinet secretary in recent history, after publicly valuing longer service. It appointed David Frost as National Security Advisor, making a part-time role out of the UK's most senior crisis management position during a global pandemic and just a week after a suspected terrorist attack. When it comes to expertise, while Frost is an experienced diplomat, he has no formal national security experience.

The politicisation of the role also rips apart the UK's delicate constitutional compromise on ministers, special advisors, and the civil service. Frost will not be a civil servant but will be in charge of them. He will be a special advisor and so nominally accountable through his minister, but will sit in the House of Lords while not being a minister.

Expertise is walking out of the door wherever you look: Sir Simon McDonald is departing from the Foreign Office just as the department begins a complex and controversial merger with DfID, and Number 10 is rumoured to have retroactively vetoed a previously-agreed extension to the term of Ministry of Justice permanent secretary Richard Heaton.

Just months ago, the Home Office permanent secretary left after a series of run-ins with Priti Patel. He is now suing for constructive dismissal.

That leaves the government with the loss of four of its key official figures at a time of national and economic crisis, with little but grand promises and grand plans in their place. Cummings, Gove and Johnson have managed to seize power from the civil service in the most visible way possible. That removes their last excuse for whatever comes next – they have No.10, they have the Commons, and they have the top of the civil service.

Government is built on thousands of careful, thoughtful, and often boring plans. We may soon learn the cost of putting it in the hands of those who prefer grandiose, extravagant ones.

AGENDA

Infection rate rises, riots, looting, attacks on police, illegal partying and attempted quarantine breakouts... What is going on in the country considered Europe's most sensible?

CATHRIN SCHAER
reports



Dawn on a sunny Monday morning and in a central Berlin park, a crowd of about 20 are the last remnants of an illegal party that has been going since Saturday night. A young man with bleached blond hair throws his head back and laughs loudly, before enthusiastically embracing the man sitting beside him on the grass.

A young woman wearing nothing but cut-off denim shorts and two crosses of black tape over her nipples begins to sway to an imaginary beat. Somebody else in the group claps. Another raises an early-morning beer. Cheers! Welcome to the apparent end of Germany's coronavirus-related lockdown.

At the same time that this illegal Berlin techno party, attended by anywhere between 500 and 1,000 revellers, was getting started, another gathering in a park in southern Germany was moving in a more explosive direction.

Bars and clubs are still closed in Stuttgart and local youths have been meeting in a central city park, the Schlossgarten, for several weeks now to drink, socialise and play music. The more restrictions were relaxed, the more people gathered on the lawns.

That Saturday, June 21, some of the police patrolling the park stopped to ask a young man about drugs and when he resisted them, others came to his defence. The small stand-off turned into a major riot. Several hundred mostly young men rampaged down Stuttgart's main shopping thoroughfare, throwing bottles and bricks at police, smashing store windows and looting.

The night ended with 27 arrests, 32 police injured and a slew of international headlines. "It was like a civil war," one horrified conservative commentator wrote.

Even earlier that night, the police had already come under attack elsewhere, in the central German city of Göttingen. The previous Thursday, local authorities there had enforced quarantine at several high-rises to contain Covid outbreaks; the buildings were surrounded by temporary construction site fencing and patrolled by baton-wielding officers.

On Saturday, up to 200 of the 700 estimated residents armed themselves with pieces of bottles, metal rods, stones and fireworks and tried to break through the fences and out of quarantine. Police stopped them by using teargas, including on children, to contain the breakout. In that case, one man was arrested and eight police were injured.

So what do these incidents from one wild Saturday night mean for Germany as it loosens pandemic restrictions?

In general the country's lockdown was never as strict as that in places like Spain, Italy and France, and was based



Is Germany losing it?

TENSION: Police wearing full protective suits prepare to enter a high-rise apartment building, struck by a coronavirus outbreak in Göttingen, Germany. More than 100 people tested positive among the building's 700 residents

Photo: Getty Images

upon the citizenry's assumed predilection for following the rules, taking personal responsibility and community-mindedness. But do these incidents perhaps show the limits of restrictions that can be placed on citizens in a democracy, no matter how well behaved they usually are? Could it be that the natives in this normally staid bastion of European unity are losing it?

Unfortunately for those hoping for a bit of *schadenfreude*, the short answer is: No, not really. "In my eyes, these kind of events have always occurred from time to time in Germany," says Jutta Allmendinger, a professor of sociology and the president of the WZB Berlin Social Science Centre, which has been running a digital forum on the social impacts of the virus. "I would not connect them all to the pandemic per se.

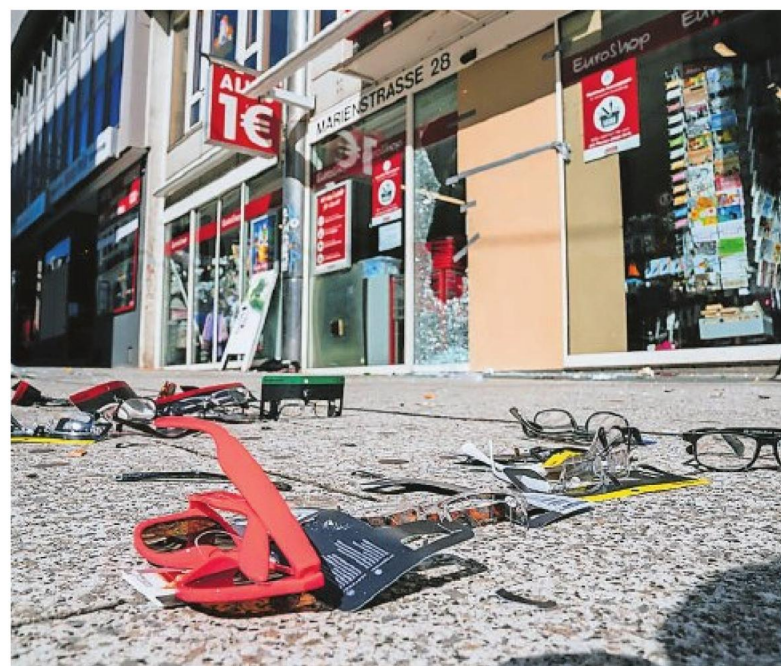
That is not to say that our societies aren't under stress at the moment. Each and every one of us has to deal with a situation that is entirely new to us. In general though, I think people in Germany have tried to follow the rules and do their share to limit the spread of the virus," Allmendinger said.

"I think people generally have the feeling that politicians and decision-makers know what they are doing," she added, citing swift government reactions to the latest Covid-19 outbreaks – while most of Germany remains stable in terms of infections, there are several new hotspots in North Rhine Westphalia. "Also the massive economic stimulus package the German government has introduced shows that the ambition is there to help as many parts of society as possible," Allmendinger adds.

"A democracy can never be based on the principle of controlling the demos," she concludes. "Healthy democratic societies are based on trust."

Various polls and surveys support that impression. Although different approaches in different German states have led to some confusion about what is allowed where, and have also caused political tensions between federal authorities, who prefer to ease lockdowns more slowly, and state ministers, who want to speed things up, the most recent YouGov polls find that 71% of Germans still approve of their government's handling of the health crisis.

That's far above Spain, France and the UK, all of whom sit between 40% and 50% approval. The latest polls also conclude that around three-quarters of Germans support re-locking districts



SOCIAL UNREST: Glasses on the floor as a display window of a shop stands smashed following violent clashes between rioters and police that also led to looting in Stuttgart.

Photo: Getty Images

down, where there have been serious new virus outbreaks, as in North Rhine Westphalia.

In general, the public seems to believe that their leadership is being honest with them. Chancellor Angela Merkel's Christian Democrats remain more popular than they have been for years. If elections were to be held shortly they would get 37% of the vote, surveys suggest.

Germans' infamous sense of righteousness remains strong. As Christian Stoecker, a psychology professor who teaches digital communication, wrote in his column in *Der Spiegel* magazine recently: "Current developments in Brazil, Great Britain and the USA appear to confirm one thing: The [populist] politics of lying don't work when people are dying."

The detailed dissection of disturbing events, post-riot, also appears to support the theory of German stability in a crisis. The incidents of that Saturday night were quickly followed by a week of political hand-wringing, a raft of editorials and a lot of intellectual analyses about what could have gone so wrong, by experts in everything from the sociology of protest movements and extremism, to virology, youth psychology and criminology.

Was there a trend in youthful violence toward the police? one local newspaper asked and concluded, after looking at statistics, that there was not. Violence against police had risen by 9% between 2018 and 2019, they found, but the number of younger offenders in that class of crime remained steady over the years, at about a third.

Rather than politics or a lack of faith in the German government or police, illicit outdoor parties in Berlin, Stuttgart and also in Hamburg, were mostly blamed on youthful frustrations about nightclubs, bars and even sports clubs still being closed.

In Stuttgart, things likely got out of control thanks to alcohol, opportunism and weeks of rising tensions between the locals and police patrolling the central city park, authorities concluded. There had already been some minor clashes in the past. Perhaps, one commentator

theorised, the kids also sympathised with similarly outraged anti-authority demonstrators they saw on TV, from the Black Lives Matter protest movement in the US.

The merits of video surveillance or an alcohol ban were debated but neither were instituted. A discussion about racism in German law enforcement is ongoing.

Decisive moves were made. In Stuttgart, there was an increased police presence in the park the next weekend and most of the young people who gave interviews declared the riot an oddity, a one-off. They don't bother me, one young woman told a reporter from *Der Spiegel* magazine about the police: "I know nothing will happen to me." In Berlin, the merry-making hipsters usually leave the park peacefully with their boomboxes when the police ask them to. One of the organisers even brings rubbish bags and says they make sure to pick up after themselves.

And in Göttingen, the potential lockdown escapees were placated after the local mayor held talks with residents' representatives. The quarantine has since been lifted for most of the apartment's inhabitants – the last day was June 25.

Several other enforced quarantines have since been placed on whole apartment blocks, mostly in Berlin. However, after the events in Göttingen, nobody was erecting fences or calling in the troops. "We've learned a lot," a city councillor in one of the affected districts, Neukölln, told local media.

The emphasis is on social work and communication, he said. In fact, passing by the apartment block in question late last week, the only evidence of any quarantine were letters posted on all of the building doors, warning about the dangers of Covid-19 in several languages. Police are supposed to drive by infrequently to monitor the situation but apparently the only time they were called in officially was when residents started throwing eggs and potatoes at journalists standing on the street, who were trying to report on the alleged "plague house".

Germany's simmering summer has, it seems, gone off the boil again.

Green gains put France on new path

The country's local elections mark a watershed moment, says CONSTANCE KAMPFNER



For 73 years, the right ruled in Bordeaux – until a shock victory late on Sunday night saw the capital of wine turn green.

France's local elections were a watershed moment for the environmental movement that had previously struggled to get its voice heard. As Bordeaux's outgoing mayor Nicolas Florian, flanked by sombre-looking attendants, conceded defeat, no one could ignore the shouts of "we've won, we've won" coming from the ecologist candidate Pierre Hurmic's elated followers parading in the streets below.

These elections were already like no other. With the first round taking place just a day before lockdown was announced, this delayed second stage replaced door-to-door canvassing with online hangouts.

This curious state of affairs didn't seem to dampen the greens' momentum, as in city after city they came to the fore. Victories in Lyon, Strasbourg, Poitiers, Grenoble and Bordeaux, as well as shared wins in Paris and Marseille, have confirmed the small EELV (Europe Ecologie-Les Verts), a party so far without representatives in the National Assembly, as a major force to be reckoned with.

This was the latest in a series of setbacks for president Emmanuel Macron. His still young party, La République En Marche!, had hoped to establish local roots in these elections. But following three turbulent years marked by the *gilet jaunes* street protests and low approval ratings for the president during the pandemic, his party failed to win a single big city.

Paris, the most coveted prize of the night, was held by the incumbent socialist mayor Anne Hidalgo, an outcome that just months ago few would have predicted. The En Marche candidate, former health minister Agnès Buzyn, took less than 14% of the vote, a result that deprived her of even a seat on Paris' city council.

In Marseille, En Marche drew a dismal 1.5% share of the vote. The city was instead claimed by medic and Marseille native Michèle Rubirola, backed by a red-green coalition. Her win drew to a close 25 years of right-wing leadership for France's third city.

Leading figures in Macron's party have tried to take the edge off the defeat. Unprecedented low voter turnout in the wake of Covid-19 means these results should be taken with a pinch of salt, declared Pierre Person, the party's deputy general manager. But behind the scenes

the En Marche leadership will be worried.

It was a mixed election for France's far-right movement, led by Marine Le Pen. The Rassemblement National won their biggest city to date, Perpignan. However, despite a few symbolic wins, the RN's overall performance was poor. The party lost around 40% of their elected officials, down from 1,438 seats in 2014 to 840. What the RN have gained in visibility they seem to have lost in grassroots support.

After these results, Macron will be feeling the pressure from the left as well as from Le Pen's right. Some argue that the EELV is fast becoming the leading progressive force in France. This might be a stretch for now – green parties typically do better at the local level – yet a profound shift does seem to be taking place.

France's two traditional parties, the Socialists and the Republicans, did best, as they often do, in medium-sized towns, yet with green candidates claiming wins in Poitiers, Tours and Avignon, as well as holding on to Grenoble, the traditional parties are continuing to lose ground across the country. The leadership of the Socialist party has even hinted that it would be ready to back a green candidate in the 2022 presidential race.

Analysts suggest that the Covid-19 crisis has accelerated voters' desire for radical change. In the French system, candidates often make strategic alliances after the first round to boost their vote count in the second. En Marche's strategy of pairing with conservative candidates in a number of seats alienated voters in big cities, who saw the move as a direct attack on the environmental movement. Matthieu Orphelin, one of several members of the National Assembly to have defected from Macron's party, blamed these coalitions for En Marche's humiliating defeat: "As well as losing the elections, the party will have lost its soul", he declared.

This is a perception that Macron is desperate to dispel. As he moves into the second half of his mandate, Macron will be eager to present himself as a part of a new green wave. On the morning after the local elections, he addressed on TV members of the Citizens Convention for the Climate, a group of 150 French citizens from all identity groups and political persuasions, tasked with coming up with a plan to significantly reduce the country's carbon emissions by 2030.

As part of his promise to turn over a new, greener leaf, the president pledged to implement all but three of the 149 resolutions they had put forward. Ever the smooth talker, Macron seemed relaxed as he cracked jokes with his audience, keen to brush over the disappointment of the previous night's result. But Macron will be looking over his shoulder at the EELV as the 2022 election approaches. The battle lines have been drawn and they are bright green.

AGENDA

Where the polls are

Politics is moving into a new, post-Covid era. Expert pollster PETER KELLNER suggests what the parties can glean from the polls, including a desire for new approaches and the overturning of some conventional wisdom



We are told these days to expect a 'new normal': different ways of living, working, travelling and shopping once the Covid-19 crisis is over. Maybe politics, too. Here is my 'new normal' advice to the three main Britain-wide parties – with absolutely no guarantee that, if they do as I say, they won't fall flat on their faces.

For once, be bold.

Most of the time, voters are cautious. They prefer to protect what they have than to risk sudden change.

One of the reasons for Labour's massive landslide in 1997 was that Tony Blair promised *not* to undo everything the Conservatives had done during the previous 18 years.

Taxes would *not* go up. The emblematic policies of the Thatcher era – council house, new trade union laws, privatisation – would *not* be repealed. Blair promised nothing that would distract from his central charge that the Tories were tired, sleazy and incompetent. Middle England agreed, and

voted Labour.

Roughly once in a generation, though, radicalism wins elections. This was true in 1945, when Labour promised homes, jobs, healthcare and social insurance for all, following the hardships of the war years; and in 1979, when Margaret Thatcher captured the public mood that decisive action was needed to reduce taxes, tackle the trade unions and curb the power of the state.

The current crisis looks like providing another such moment. A YouGov poll for the New Economics Foundation finds that as many as 31% want "big changes" in the way the economy is run.

In the past fortnight, I have had three separate discussions with people dissecting focus group exercises in different parts of Britain. All have told the same story. Issues that used to provoke no more than a passionate minority have broken through to the wider electorate: caring for the elderly and those with mental health problems; fighting climate change; stopping Cummings-style hypocrisy of those with power; above all, the need for fairness, not least for people doing vital jobs for terrible wages.

The next election may still be four years away, but it is likely to be won by the party that voters back to tackle these concerns, as well as boost living standards.

Only connect (with Europe and the world).

The current crisis shows that many of our problems have global roots and need global solutions. "Work together" makes more sense than "go it alone".

This has obvious relevance to Brexit. A

WINNING BATTLES: Labour Party leader Sir Keir Starmer has removed most of Jeremy Corbyn's allies from the shadow cabinet
Photo: Getty Images



modest but stable majority now thinks we were wrong to leave the EU and, given a new referendum, would vote to stay in.

However, the issue now is what kind of relationship to have with the EU once the transition period ends in December. Polling for the Best for Britain campaign shows that most voters, including those who voted Leave four years ago, think close trading links across the Channel matter far more than new deals with the United States – or anywhere else.

What matters most, though, is what happens to our economy next year. Here are three possibilities. One, a deal allows trade to flow with no tariffs or delays; two, there is no deal, trading becomes harder and more expensive, and Britain's economy suffers; three, there is no deal, but we show these foreigners what for, and sail into a glorious, independent future.

That final prospect has the greatest political appeal to Johnson. It would maintain his support both among the electorate and the hardline Brexiteers on his backbenches. But what if, as almost every serious economist and business leader believes, a no-deal outcome to the current talks damages jobs, investment and living standards? That's the second of the three prospects listed above. Worse for Johnson, research by the Social Market Foundation, a think tank unsullied by left-wing passions or manic Europhilia, finds that some of the worst hit areas would be the 'red wall' constituencies in the north and Midlands that the Tories gained six months ago.

That leaves option one: a free trade deal with the EU.

But that would require Johnson to keep the UK aligned to Europe's 'level playing field' rules on state aid, workers' rights, data protection and the environment. This would infuriate those hardline backbenchers, who wanted to "get Brexit done" in order to cast aside the shackles of EU regulations.

Left to himself, Johnson might well defy these Brexiteers and embrace the kind of internationalism that the Covid-19 crisis seems to demand. But how would the public respond to the sight of Conservative divisions over Europe erupting again? This leads us to...

Beware the mirage of party unity.

Voters are said to dislike divided parties. It's half true: a party at war with itself is seldom an attractive sight. The problem is that divisions almost always reflect genuine differences of opinion – say, over Europe, or ideology, or nuclear weapons, or social reform. The choice party leaders have is not whether to 'allow' divisions but how to deal with them when they arise.

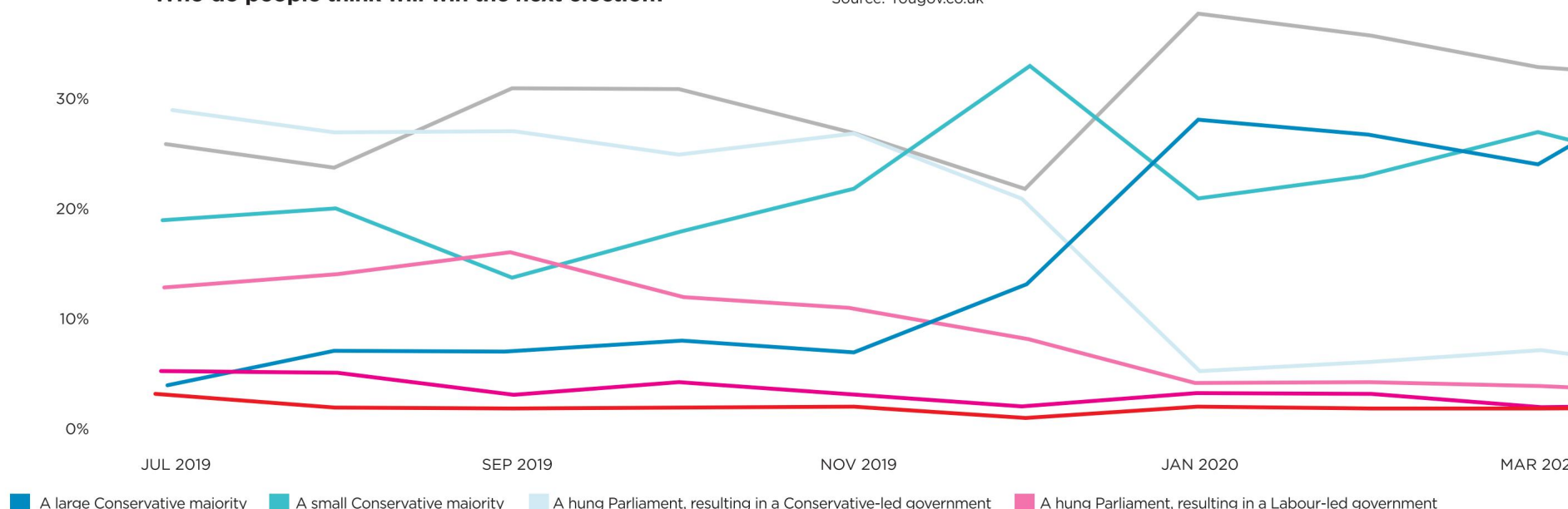
The temptation is to strive for a party unity that papers over the cracks. Within the Conservative Party, David Cameron tried this before the Brexit referendum – and Theresa May afterwards. Much good did it do them.

Neil Kinnock showed what to do. Faced with the unholy trinity of Militant, Tony Benn and Arthur Scargill in the mid-1980s, he took them on and defeated them. Few signs of a divided party are more vivid than prominent members walking out during a leader's conference speech.

Kinnock faced this in Bournemouth in 1985 – and his poll rating shot up. Until her final few months, Thatcher also prospered by winning rather than avoiding internal party battles.

40% **Who do people think will win the next election?**

Source: Yougov.co.uk



pulling

Keir Starmer has learned this lesson well. In getting rid of most of Jeremy Corbyn's allies from the shadow cabinet and party machine – most recently sacking Rebecca Long Bailey as shadow education secretary – he has rightly ignored calls for a spurious unity.

To be sure, any party needs some element of internal compromise. But calls for 'unity' tend to be loudest when the best advice to a leader is to stand firm and fight.

That applies to Johnson and Brexit: he may need to take on his hardliners. But if he does, he must win.

However, when leaders get it badly wrong...

Remember that disloyalty can be the key to success.

Three Conservative leaders have been deposed by their party in the past 30 years. Twice, regicide (of Thatcher and May) led to electoral success. On the third occasion (Iain Duncan Smith) the party at least clawed back some ground at the following election.

Johnson is now in a precarious position. Just two months ago, he enjoyed a 24-point lead when voters were asked who would make the best prime minister. In the latest *Opinium/Observer* poll, Starmer has now overtaken him. The only prime minister to repel so many voters so fast was May in her catastrophic election campaign three years ago.

If Johnson's ratings don't improve, and especially if Brexit works out badly, he might be the fourth Tory leader in a generation to be shown the door by his own colleagues.

(Labour has yet to learn how to do these things. In June 2016, when Corbyn lost the confidence of most of his MPs and shadow cabinet, he managed to cling

on. Two elections later, his party crashed to its worst defeat since 1935.)

Draw a line under the past.

Throughout the 1980s, the Tories reminded voters at every election of the "winter of discontent" in 1979, when public sectors strikes caused Labour to be ejected from office. Only when Tony Blair, who was not an MP until 1983, became party leader did archive film of uncollected rubbish piling up in the streets lose its impact.

The Liberal Democrats have the most urgent need to learn this lesson. With just 6% in the latest *Opinium* survey, they have lost half the already disappointing 12% they scored six months ago. In their current leadership election, the two front-runners are Ed Davey, who was a (rather good) energy secretary in the Conservative-Lib Dem coalition, and Layla Moran, who was first elected to parliament in 2017. Who to choose? My advice: check out the interview that Jo Swinson gave to Andrew Neil six months ago.

Time and again he asked the party's then leader to reconcile her progressive beliefs with her votes for welfare cuts as a minister in the coalition government. Time and again she couldn't. And then there was the broken promise fiasco of student fees.

These days the Lib Dems are struggling to make an impact. Party members might usefully ask themselves whether their new leader should be the one with the 'coalition' tag round their neck, or, as we enter an era of 'new normal' politics, the one who offers a fresh start.

■ Peter Kellner is an award-winning journalist and pollster. He was chairman of YouGov from 2001 to 2007 and its president until 2016

A new optimism for UK-EU talks?

HUSSEIN KASSIM on where the stumbling blocks remain, and what might sweep them out of the way



A new optimism followed the recent conference between Boris Johnson and Ursula Von der Leyen. In the run-up, the media had reported an apparent softening of the UK position, as well as pressures on the EU negotiator Michel Barnier from among the EU27 to revisit his negotiating mandate. Indeed, the fact that the conference took place at all was a positive sign, given London's earlier warning it would walk away from talks if insufficient progress had been made in June.

So there's a renewed urgency. Round six is under way and negotiations are to continue over the summer. Given all this, what are the prospects of an agreement before October, to allow time for ratification before the transition period ends on December 31?

There are, of course, strong economic incentives on both sides to reach. The UK and the EU27 remain important trading partners, and although no-deal is a 'less worse' proposition now than it was in the context of the Withdrawal Agreement, it would still be disruptive on both sides and exacerbate the economic damage of Covid-19. The EU side has a strong interest in an agreement that would minimise impediments to trade and ensure stability and predictability in relations with an important neighbour.

On the UK side it is important for the government to avoid the further reputational damage suffered on account of its management of the pandemic that it would experience if there was no deal.

However, neither a commonality of interests alone nor strong incentives to cooperate is enough to deliver an agreement.

There might be grounds for confidence if there had been evidence of progress thus far, and a potential landing zone had come into view. As it stands, however, the two sides remain divided on four issues.

The level playing field: The UK wants "zero tariffs and zero quotas" for its exports, while the EU insists on measures, guarantees and dispute settlement mechanisms which would ensure that UK business does not benefit from unfair advantages, such as lower environmental or labour standards, or state aid.

The UK contends it is asking for no more than the EU offers in other free trade agreements, which the EU rebuts by highlighting the need to reflect the UK's proximity and levels of trade and interaction with the EU, and points to requests, especially concerning services, where the UK asks for more than the EU offers in its other FTAs, including with Canada. The UK also argues that it would not be able to exercise 'regulatory autonomy' if it were to accede to the EU's

demands. The EU, however, will not allow access to businesses from a jurisdiction which has an uncompetitive advantage due to lower standards. Further, London claims that the UK's democratic and sovereign rights would be infringed by the conditions proposed by the EU. However, any agreement adopted by the UK parliament could reasonably be deemed to be democratic.

Fish: In this economically marginal, but politically symbolical sector, the UK wants an annual negotiation of quotas, based on the principle of 'zonal attachment', or the percentage of fish inside a 200-mile around the shoreline. This is because it estimates that EU-based boats catch around eight times the number of fish in UK waters that UK ships catch in EU waters. The EU wants to maintain continued access to UK waters for EU member states at current levels, and to agree quota shares for up to 25 years.

Data-sharing: The UK wants access to EU Schengen area and Europol databases as part of continued cooperation in security. The EU has offered more limited information sharing on the grounds that there are legal constraints on permitting access to outsiders and requires guarantees concerning data adequacy.

Governance: The UK would like a series of mini agreements to cover the different areas of the Political Declaration. The EU wants a single agreement and a single governance framework.

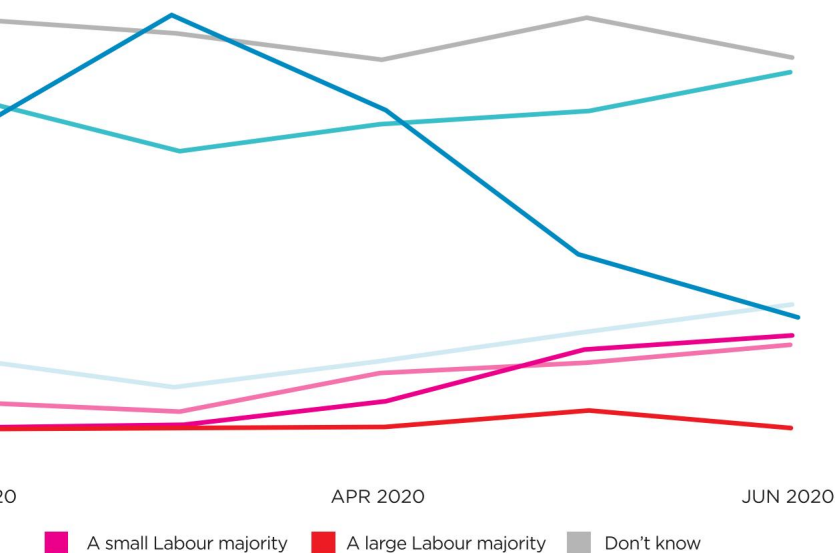
These are the four areas where compromise is necessary and the timescale is extremely short. The negotiations will be influenced by perceptions of the extent to which the two sides are upholding their obligations under the agreement signed last autumn. The EU will continue to monitor the UK's compliance with its obligations on the Irish border, especially border arrangements and the systems for managing customs and phytosanitary procedures. These will affect what safeguards the EU considers necessary in any agreement on the future relationship.

The incoming German presidency had led some UK politicians to voice the hope that Berlin will make the rest of the EU 'see sense' and compromise so an agreement can be reached. Angela Merkel has sought to quash this speculation. Solidarity among the EU27 has been a constant since 2016, and Berlin has frequently led the chorus in support of the EU negotiator. There have been few, if any, signs of fractures.

Given the scope, scale and complexity of the agreement both sides say they want, the challenge for reaching a deal is formidable. Not only must important compromises be made, but they have to be sold to constituencies.

On the EU side, the mandate allows some room for flexibility. For the UK, much will depend on the prime minister's political capital and salesmanship.

■ Hussein Kassim is a senior fellow at the UK in a Changing Europe, which first published this article



LETTERS: Have your say, email letters@theneweuropean.co.uk

Responsible Keir needs a plan of radical reform

Many of us see the Labour Party, with Keir Starmer as leader as the only real hope for setting our country on a new and better course ("The responsible revolutionary", *TNE* #200). But if he is to make progress then he needs to create a new vision based on core values.

He could do worse than to try to spell out what a good society looks like, much as Compass is attempting to do. This would include a society which promotes greater equality, caring for all people and ensuring everyone has enough money to satisfy fundamental needs as well as access to key services such as health and education, actively protecting and nurturing the environment, and developing proper participative democratic processes across all levels of society (including, crucially, PR for Westminster).

The economy should be used to promote these social ends, ensuring that the wealth created by our society is shared fairly by everyone, both directly and through excellent public services. Businesses need to understand that they, too, are part of society and like everyone else depend on the proper functioning of a good society.

This pandemic has shown what governments can do if they have the political will. Labour needs to seize this moment to show that things can be different and better, for all, if you have the vision and the will.

Sarah Anderson
Alsager

Far from drawing a line under Covid, as John Kampfner proposes, Keir Starmer should use arguably the most life-changing event in living memory to forensically draw out the future direction of Labour policy.

To avoid potential future pandemics which scientists assure us are waiting in the wings, we obviously need to be better prepared, but crucially to prevent intrusive interaction between wild animals and humans, already the source of previous viruses.

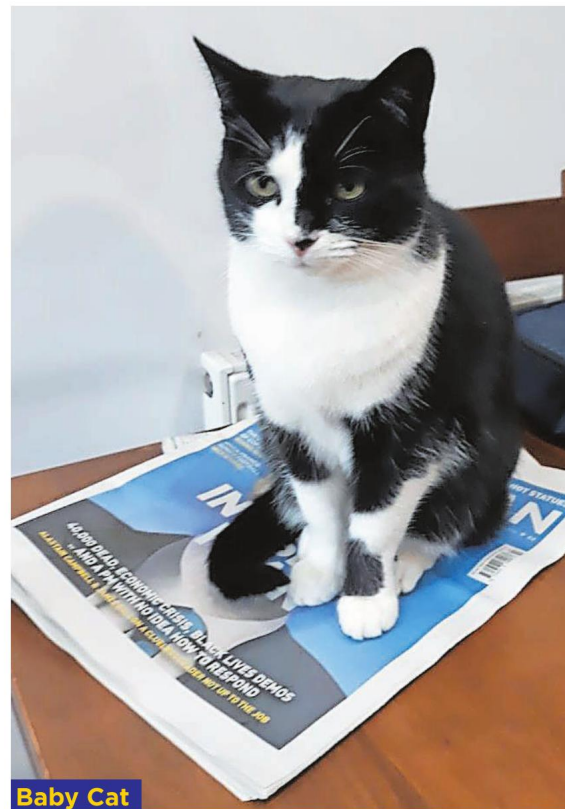
Fundamentally our economy needs to be rebooted in pursuit of sustainability and regeneration, rather than economic growth per se – the Green New Deal plus.

The fault-lines in our unequal society, already widened by austerity and the "hostile environment", were laid bare by Covid. Starmer should link policy on health and social care, housing, education, employment and justice to the glaring inequalities revealed by the pandemic.

Thus, whatever the Conservatives conveniently blame on Covid can be traced to its true cause – their policies of extreme capitalism, putting private profit before public good.

In short, policy needs to be driven by

Animal readers of THE NEW EUROPEAN



Baby Cat



Caramel

Reader Jim Lewis from South Wales writes: "For all insight into the ramifications of the political issues of the day, I consult emeritus professor of squealing, gnawing and pooping, Doctor Caramel Lewis. As you can see, he doesn't like the look of that Cummings fellow either!"

Reader Liz Foster from Ackworth, near Pontefract, writes: "This is Baby Cat (even though she's seven). She took one look at Boris's empty face and decided to fill the space."

■ Does the animal who runs your household read *TNE*? Send photographic evidence and crucial biographical details to letters@theneweuropean.co.uk, putting 'Animal Readers' in the subject field.

system depends now on the qualities of the leaders of all opposition parties and their members. Will they have the courage to work together to provide alternative accommodation for the politically homeless, and make every vote really matter at last?

Ian G L Jones
Linthorpe

I read Gavin Esler's article with interest. As one from an English liberal background with sympathies for that strand of Labour represented by what became the Gang of Four, I joined the SNP just before the 2011 Holyrood election and back then I could have accepted Scotland being part of some sort of federal UK, but not one that equated Scotland to an English region and only one that gave equality to the four entities of the UK regardless of size, replaced the Lords with a federal parliament, made the Commons the English parliament and funded federal responsibilities with contributions from the entities.

But that ship sailed at least five years ago. The unionist attitudes to Scotland expressed during and after the referendum in 2014, the Brexiteer attitudes to Europe expressed during and after the referendum in 2016 and the contempt shown for Scotland and its people and their choice in 2016 by London's government ever since means that the only sensible relationship for there to be in the future between Scotland and England is the sort of relationship that exists between sensibly co-operative neighbouring sovereign states.

If Keir Starmer is to prosper he should look to winning the arguments in England. Looking to win seats in Scotland simply to serve London interests was found out in 2014, punished mercilessly in 2015 for the contempt of Scotland that it is, and is unlikely to be forgiven just as the Conservatives have never been forgiven in Scotland for Thatcherism.

If Starmer is pinning his aspirations to a Labour recovery in Scotland then he is putting hope well before reason. He is well into 'doing the same thing again and again and expecting different results' territory.

Councillor Andrew Parrott
SNP group, Perth and Kinross Council

Grand nationalism

I refer to letters regarding the first minister (FM) of Scotland and Robert Llewellyn's idea that "nationalism to me is predicated on the sense of separateness and implied superiority to the other" ("Sturges strike", Letters,

the climate emergency, which is fed by the extremes of poverty and wealth.

JC Hubbard
Burton-in-Kendal

Why do so many commentators and letter writers to *TNE* assume that the collapse of the Johnson project (if such a shambles may be termed thus) will provide an opening for the liberal centre-left? Given the 2019 election result, there seems to be an appetite among voters for shallow nationalistic sloganising.

If Johnson fails to deliver the vision of revived national confidence and global reassertion they dream of, will they turn to Starmer's quiet, clinical and intellectually precise parliamentary style? Or will they seek something more red-bloodedly offered on the streets to carry through their dream of national(istic) revival?

As the last month has shown, politics is moving more onto the streets. That may be where the country's future may be decided, rather than through the sort of parliamentary manoeuvres that so failed the Remain campaign in the end.

As the right-wing thugs recently showed, they are beginning to organise

there. What answer does the liberal centre left have for that?

Chris Clode
Wrexham

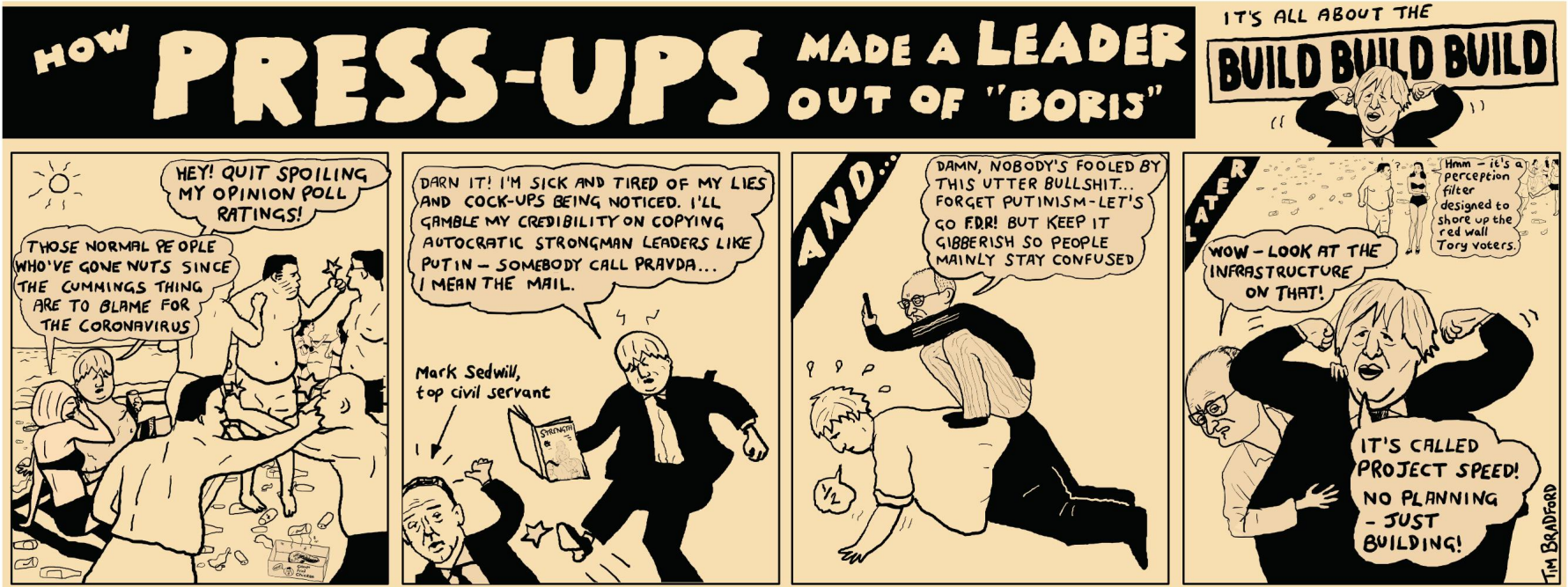
Push vote out

Gavin Esler succinctly summarises the challenge facing both Keir Starmer and all opposition parties in Westminster ("A haven for the politically homeless", *TNE* #200). The British voting system does not 'work for most of us' because first-past-the-post is undemocratic in principle and unjust in effect.

The 2024 general election should be the last one ever fought using this system. For this to happen there will need to be a binding agreement between opposition parties that a government will be formed to immediately introduce a bill to bring in proportional representation. Once passed, the government would resign and a new election called using this system.

To achieve this 'Great Reform', the 2024 election campaign will require an electoral pact between opposition parties on what seats they will stand candidates in to defeat the Conservatives.

A fair, just and democratic voting



Humbled pie

I've been watching *Lykkeland* (*State of Happiness*), a Norwegian drama set in 1969. It features music from the era, and the last episode I watched included Don McLean's *American Pie*, which inspired me to create some Brexit-themed lyrics.

A long long time ago
I can still remember how
The future used to make me smile
And I knew given half a chance
That we could get along with France
And maybe we would prosper for a while
But new elections made me waver
Nige's gang were finding favour
Bad news in my inbox
Smugness from Liam Fox
I really couldn't quite believe
How easy it was to deceive
But that was why we voted Leave
The day our union died

(Chorus)
So
Adieu to the rest of EU
We will never find a trade deal that is

better than you
And we'll end up so much poorer though
our passports are blue
Saying here's to referendum mark two
Here's to referendum mark two
(End of chorus)

Did you read the latest lies?
And do you have faith in Cummings' eyes
When he's driving everything?
And do you believe in Michael Gove?
Whose face assumed the shade of mauve
When he saw he'd lost the chance of being king
And, when the Queen was out of town
Jacob Rees-Mogg tracked her down
And made her sign a letter
I wish he'd have known better
They're a useless bunch of Brexiteers
Whose actions justify our fears
But they'll be there for years and years
Now our union's died.

(Repeat chorus to fade)

Gavin Woodworth
Cumbria

TNE #200). The FM wanted to move into lockdown earlier but was unable to do so for two reasons. Firstly a desire to work with all the UK nations and secondly as to do so would have deprived Scottish workers furlough until agreed by the UK government.

Most Scots want to leave the UK, not because we are superior, but because we don't want to be the same.

The UK no longer represents me in any way.

In Scotland we want to be outward-looking, European in nature, kind, caring and welcoming. Oh and truthful and lacking in corruption.

Donald MacKay

The letter from Robert Llewellyn in issue 200 misses the point of sensible

nationalism in many countries, which is not isolationist. To celebrate one's own nation and culture and wishing to see its survival does not infer superiority to other cultures and languages.

You just need to look at the support that there exists among nationalist communities in Wales and Scotland for the EU to realise their internationalist outlook.

Morus Watkins
Powys

Surely the people of Scotland, Wales and Ulster have every right to protest when they hear the expression "British exceptionalism". As the former MP Phillip Lee insisted on a recent Channel 4 *Dispatches*, the source of the government's disastrous mishandling of

BETTER LETTERS

In these unprecedented times, we are receiving an unprecedented amount of correspondence. To stand the best chance of having your letter published in full...

■ Email letters@theneweuropean.co.uk before 9am on Tuesday for possible inclusion in the following Thursday's edition.

■ Put the contents of your letter in the body of your email rather than adding an attachment, such as a PDF.

■ Please be concise. With limited space available, letters over five paragraphs long will almost always be edited before printing. Thank you!

the Covid-19 crisis is *English* exceptionalism.

Current scientific opinion would appear to suggest that thousands of deaths could have been avoided if the lockdown had been introduced a week or two earlier. Was the failure to do so the result of a stubborn refusal to learn from other countries' experiences?

How much was this due to the mistaken belief in English exceptionalism, initially and cynically promoted by Boris Johnson in the 2016 referendum campaign? Where will this ridiculous and dangerous illusion take us in the post-Covid world, apart from down a very slippery path to further national humiliation and economic disaster?

Anthony West

Damned lies

Alastair Campbell is right, it is weird right now ("Dealing with my deep downer", TNE #200).

Hearing people who are running the government's programmes because they are, allegedly, a genius, making apparently serious statements about going for a long drive to test their eyesight; watching the prime minister's excruciatingly embarrassing and evasive defence of such statements; and yes, seeing the health secretary, and others use obfuscation and evasion in attempts to conceal the truth, which is that they made mistakes and did not manage coronavirus well.

The use of lying by the government became routine before, and subsequent to, the referendum to leave the EU. Preposterous lies about the positive gains from Brexit were flaunted on buses and elsewhere.

This, I believe, has led to large sections of the public not caring. The message is, "it's ok to use whatever means to get what you want". This may explain the extraordinary public response to the lockdown relaxation, the invasion of the beaches in Dorset, apparently uncaring of the potential for infection and uncaring for the environment by littering, and barbecuing in forests.

One answer for Alastair may be that, because governments have a duty to lead by example, being honest about their motives, admitting mistakes (we all make mistakes) and setting standards that the public can respect, and, the present government does none of these, there should be a cross party opposition response whenever the government uses lies or evasion. Keir Starmer cannot do it alone.

Pat Brandwood
Broadstone

I empathise with Alastair Campbell. Watching ministers consistently getting away with not answering the question,

AGENDA

From page 13

being economical with the truth and creating successes out of obvious failings was laughable to begin with but rapidly became even more depressing than the crass antics of a few Burnley supporters.

The only answer to the utterly depressing state of our politics and our government is to join the rest of the world in laughing at us. That's one thing we used to be quite good at that. Admittedly the fact that we need to do this is in itself depressing, but at least from July 4 we can all do what the ministers clearly want us to and go down the pub. Come to think of it, isn't that even more depressing?

Phil Green

Mac's factor

Thank you Richard Luck for your warm tribute to Peter Falk, the great Columbo ("The man in the mac", *TNE* #200). I'll never forget going to see him in Hay-on-Wye a few years before his untimely death (the place was packed to the rafters).

Watching Falk play the mercurial detective is a truly uncanny television experience. Never has anybody fitted a role so perfectly. Only James Gandolfini as Tony Soprano radiated such warmth and humanity, on screen.

I miss the genius in the crumpled mac and knowing that he could no longer remember playing Columbo really is an illustration of just how cruel Alzheimers can be.

S Kneath
Swansea

Animal crackers

Sophia Deboick's excellent article on Tyneside's musical heritage ("Quality Tyne", *TNE* #200) merits a few additional facts. The pop mogul Mickie Most claimed to have discovered The Animals but I modestly claim to have discovered them before they were called The Animals.

In my second year (1963/64) as a student at Newcastle University, I had persuaded five of my fellow civil engineering students to join me in forming the rhythm, blues and beat society, purely for the purpose of running dances in the new students' union building.

Hailing from the land of Mersey Beat, I initially booked bands from Merseyside, also booking bands through the nearby Club A-Go-Go, proprietor Michael Jeffrey.

One Saturday afternoon I had arranged a meeting with him but was transfixed on the way to his back office by a band rehearsing. They were led by an organist with hair covering his eyes, who occasionally looked up from his keyboard to the singer or other instrumentalist to conduct them to higher degrees of controlled frenzy.

"Who on earth is that fantastic group?" I asked. Jeffrey replied, "What? They're just a local group I let practice here, the Alan Price Combo". I said I wanted to book them every week until Christmas

vacation. He said I was mad, but gladly complied.

Annoyed by his lack of appreciation, I continued, "They will be top of the hit parade", a rash prediction for a blues band. Jeffrey replied: "Roland, get real."

The next year, 1964, *House of the Rising Sun* was top of the charts in the UK and, in that summer vacation, when I toured the USA on Greyhound buses, it was also top there, blaring out of every jukebox and radio station.

Jeffrey made his fortune managing them.

Roland Hill
Bramhall

Sed and done

As Mark Sedwill resigns and David Frost is appointed as National Security Advisor, perhaps Messrs. Johnson and Cummings should heed the words of Michael Gove who, in his recent speech on the civil service, challenged "group think" and is quoted by the BBC as saying: "Government departments recruit in their own image, are influenced by the think tanks and lobbyists who breathe the same London air and are socially rooted in assumptions which are inescapably metropolitan."

"An important part of bringing government closer to people is making sure we have not just a wider spread of decision-making across the country but a broader and deeper pool of decision-makers."

"Group think can affect any organisation – the tendency to coalesce around a cosy consensus, resist challenge, look for information which confirms existing biases and reject rigorous testing of delivery."

As they further centralise power in No.10, surrounding themselves with the team behind Vote Leave, are they not making this same mistake?

Nick Roberts
Selly Oak

It must now be clear to those infatuated with the fantasy of lost sovereignty, that "taking back control" was merely an exercise in handing it to a single individual – Dominic Cummings.

They must now own the infamy of being facilitators of the biggest transfer of power by democratic means to the smallest group of hand-picked individuals in British history, an act of colossal betrayal.

We can only hope that our incompetent prime minister will wake from his narcissist ambitions in time to rid us of the unelected megalomaniac to whom that sovereignty has actually been ceded.

Paul McGilchrist
Colchester

As Cummings drives the rudderless ship ever more certainly towards the twin reefs of Covid-19 and a rocky Brexit deal, I am reminded of the conjugation of an irregular verb:

*I am a brilliant, original thinker
You are a dangerous eccentric
He is completely round the twist.*

Anne Green

Strike three

Boris Johnson told us Brexit would be easy, then we'd sort out this virus in three months and now he tells us he's pumping billions into the economy and there will be no austerity. As they say 'third time lucky'.

Tony Howarth
London SW3

Bad education

Do Johnson and Gove really believe our collective memories are so bad? Funding of £1 billion for 50 major school building projects in England is being promised by the prime minister, who said, "This major new investment will make sure our schools and colleges are fit for the future, with better facilities and brand new buildings".

In February 2003, the Building Schools for the Future (BSF) initiative was announced by then Labour schools minister David Miliband. It planned to allocate £55 billion to rebuild every secondary school in England, to make good the promise that "Every child deserves to learn in modern school buildings with state-of-the-art facilities... fully suited to their needs and to the challenges of the 21st century."

In July 2010, education secretary Michael Gove scrapped it, using the funds for the free schools initiative and leaving numerous school building plans and projects in limbo.

So, in answer to my initial rhetorical question: Yes, they certainly do.

Paul Stein
Pickering

Beached wail

Looking at the myriads of people crowding onto beaches from Bournemouth to Southend-on-sea, reminded me instantly of an apocalyptic novel I read many years ago as a teenager: *On The Beach* by Nevil Shute, which I understand has also been adapted for the big screen.

We can only but hope that the real-life outcome is far more conducive to human well-being than the book...

Robert Boston
Kingshill

WHERE TO FIND US

WEBSITE
www.theneweuropean.co.uk

TWITTER
[@theneweuropean](https://twitter.com/theneweuropean)

FACEBOOK
facebook.com/theneweuropean

PODCAST
audioboom.com/channel/the-new-european

Podcast also available on iTunes, Spotify and iOS podcast app

Alastair Campbell



Editor-at-Large

Though there are occasionally some wonderful historical features on sport further into the paper, nobody would subscribe to *The New European* on account of the football coverage. When we do touch upon football, it is usually in a way that embraces other themes, such as social and cultural change. And, bear with me, all ye poor souls who fail to understand why for some football rivals family as the thing closest to our hearts – 'rivals,' I said, not 'beats' – I will get Brexit in here too. Brexit, the runaway title winner in the Global League of self-inflicted acts of national harm.

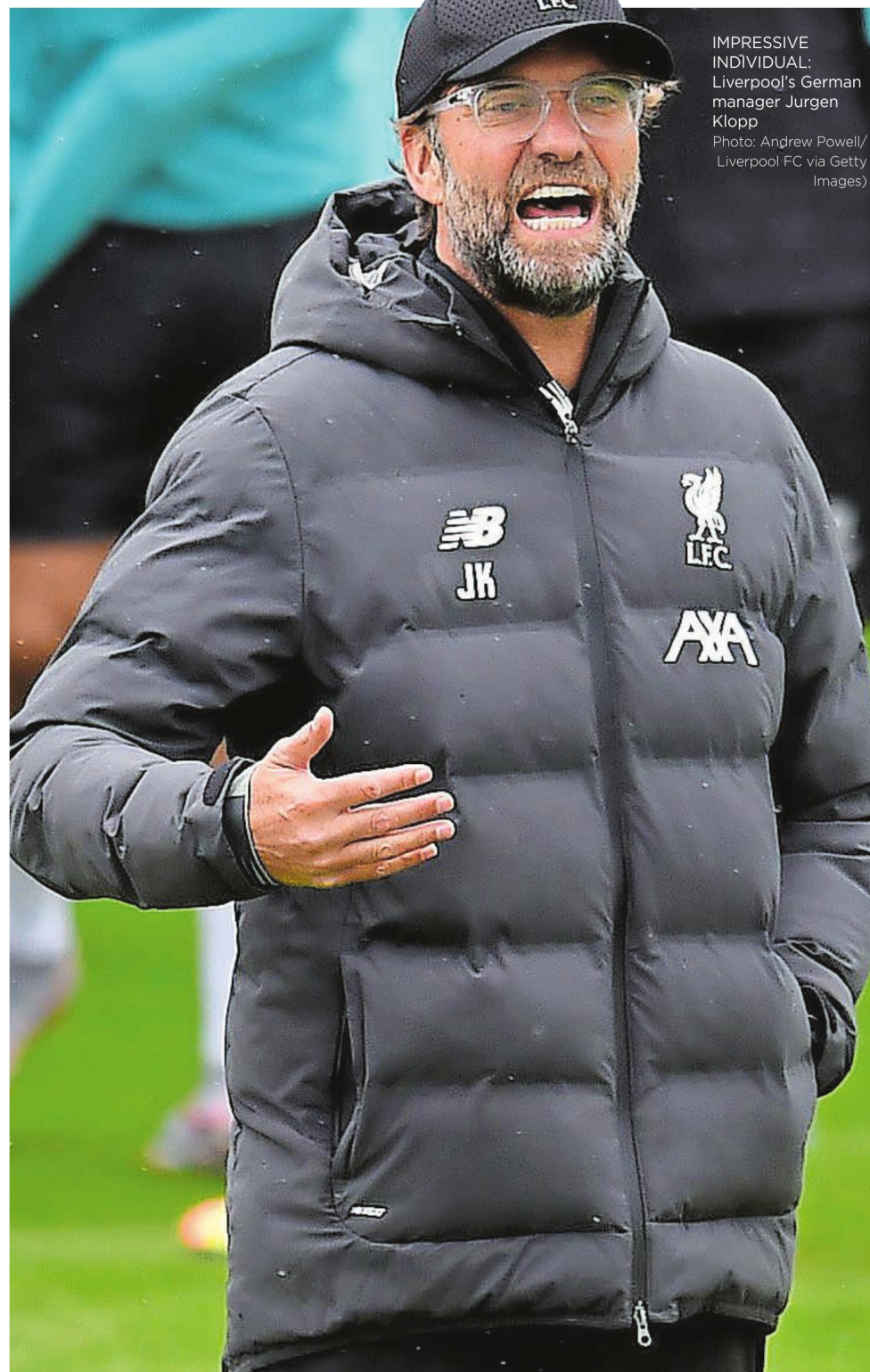
Even in lockdown, football was never far from the centre of the national conversation. Early in the crisis we had the debate about whether top players should take a pay cut. We wondered whether the once moderately sensible Matt Hancock was imbibing sufficient quantities of the Johnson populism drug to suggest they should? You bet he was. Would bankers, hedge funders, billionaires who side up to housing ministers and try to secure preferential treatment saving them millions face the same pressure? Not so much. Why go for a hard target you might actually bump into at a Tory fundraiser when you have the easy target of mainly working class young men who happen to have become very wealthy very young on account of being good at football? Manchester United's Marcus Rashford had the best possible 'show not tell' response, helping to shame a heartless government into doing something that a government with a heart would have done without the need for the shame, and thereby helping ensure hungry kids get fed.

When we did get football back into our lives, it was via the Germans showing us how it was done. Then, when my own team Burnley were back in action, there was as much focus on a plane flying overhead with a "white lives matter Burnley" banner than there was on the football. Burnley are lucky to have a captain as bright as Ben Mee, and a manager as savvy as Sean Dyche, and both handled the situation faultlessly in interviews. But it underlined a strange modern phenomenon – the tendency to treat politicians like celebrities and celebrities like politicians. Had this not been so, I doubt Boris Johnson or Donald Trump would ever have risen quite as high as they have. *Have I Got News For You?* has an important slot in the Johnson CV, his 'he makes me laugh' shtick a not insignificant factor in persuading those Tory MPs who knew he would be a disaster as PM nonetheless to back him.

I have never quite bought the line that footballers are role models simply because they are footballers. They can be inspirations in that they show that by working hard and having good values they can make the most of their talents and make a contribution to a greater good. In an ideal world children would be looking at their parents for that kind of role modelling.

AGENDA

IMPRESSIVE
INDIVIDUAL:
Liverpool's German
manager Jurgen
Klopp
Photo: Andrew Powell/
Liverpool FC via Getty
Images)



The gaffer who gets it

But at the end of the day, if I may employ a football favourite, they are footballers. Why do we expect them to have the moral standards of an archbishop, the political judgement of a president, and the diplomatic sensitivities of an ambassador? The role model line is essentially an excuse to give newspapers spurious 'public interest' justification for stories about footballers' off-field misconduct. The newspapers who are fondest of this approach tend to be the ones which most strongly support Boris Johnson, whose private life they have often viewed as a no-go area, even when he was up to stuff that would have been all over front page and back, had he been a famous footballer. One of the reasons Germany is viewed globally as a more serious country right now is because it does have serious political leadership. Angela Merkel gave an interview recently to a group of European journalists, including from the *Guardian*.

It was noteworthy for two things from my perspective. Just one question on Brexit, briefly despatched, with the observation – I paraphrase – the Brits have made their bed and they need to lie in it. Secondly, the transcript showed that the whole interview consisted of Merkel answering serious questions about a wide range of subjects in a way that was informed, informative and devoid of the platitudes and glib one liners that have come to characterise the communications of our own government.

Why, she didn't even get down and do a press-up in front of a German flag. At government level we have a vacuum in serious political leadership. This has enormous consequences. Take the 'common sense' phenomenon. Doubtless in the nightly taxpayer-funded focus groups plenty of people have been complaining about the lockdown and saying the government should let people use their common sense. Everyone likes to think they have common sense. And Johnson likes to play back to people what they want to hear.

What could be more commonsensical, as the government eases the lockdown, than a day trip to the seaside? If that common sense is simultaneously shared by many thousands of others, however, then we have a problem. But when Matt Hancock says he will not hesitate to act, including by the shutting of beaches, a country tired of his presentation of a s**tshow as a success, pays little heed.

So Boris Johnson steps in and says that people should not take "liberties", but even as the word leaves his lips and heads towards the ears of the nation, the thing between our ears immediately summons up an image of Dominic Cummings and so the instinct – and we remember from the Cummings saga how important instincts are – is to say "do one, Johnson".

I was reading *Bild Zeitung* the morning after, mainly to see how the German media was covering Liverpool's Premier League triumph. Extensively, is the answer. Jürgen Klopp was everywhere (just as he seems to be in this week's *New European* – see pages 23 to 27 for our own interview with him).

The Liverpool manager is a huge figure in German life. I watched a German news bulletin the night before and in the ad break Klopp was the star of two commercials, one for a financial advisory company, the other for a beer. The Alcohol Concern ambassador in me went

"tut tut" but then the ad was so well done, and Klopp's personality so strong within it, I give up mid-tut. He has so much capital left in the goodwill bank. After all, this is a man unafraid to call out Brexit for the unmitigated disaster that it is, clear he could not vote for a right-wing party, or for lower taxes, and who recently said that watching the German and UK governments' handling of Covid has been like watching two different planets. (*Ein Mann nach meinem eigenen Herz!*) Also in *Bild* was a picture that will be familiar to all of you, of a packed Bournemouth beach. The headline: "*Niemand hört mehr auf Boris Johnson*" – "Nobody listens to Boris Johnson any more".

It's a problem. If there is a second wave, and there does have to be a second lockdown, Johnson has the opposite problem to Klopp. He is running low in the goodwill tank, and lower still in the credibility tank. When Liverpool fans over-celebrated their team winning the Premier League, did you notice who was leading the condemnation, and the call for people to calm down? The police, the council and the football club. Government nowhere to be seen. Indeed, if Johnson had been the one calling for people to go home, the reactions of many in Liverpool, not least for historical reasons, would be to do the opposite.

Then Klopp himself wrote an open letter to the *Liverpool Echo*, rich in love for the city, respect for its history, admiration for his players, special mentions for Kenny Dalglish and Steven Gerrard, and then this: "What I did not love – and I have to say this – was the scenes that took place at the Pier Head on Friday. I am a human being and your passion is also my passion but right now the most important thing is that we do not have these kind of public gatherings. We owe it to the most vulnerable in our community, to the health workers who have given so much and whom we have applauded, and to the police and local authorities who help us as a club, not to do this. Please – celebrate – but celebrate in a safe way and in private settings, whereby we do not risk spreading this awful disease further in our community." Leadership. Authenticity. It shines through.

Klopp was once asked whether he would consider going into politics. He said no. His reasoning. "I have too much common sense." When he was asked about why he opposed Brexit, he said: "Do we want a not-perfect situation alone or a not-perfect situation as a strong partner in a very strong unit? For me it's only common sense, because history taught us that if you're alone you are weaker than the unit."

He clearly likes the common sense theme as much as Johnson does. The difference is that Klopp seems to have it, and understand how it works in others. He has basic leadership skills that Johnson lacks, the ability to build a strong team, the ability to unite, the ability to inspire, the ability to be truthful, the ability to have a clear strategy and stick to it, even when forced by a pandemic to adapt, the ability to achieve great things.

I will take him at face value when he says he would never go into politics, but meanwhile feel compelled to ask, of football fans and non-fans alike: right now, today, 2020, who would you rather have in charge of a big project that had implications for your future... Boris Johnson? Or Jürgen Klopp?

AGENDA

The pandemic has played havoc on the dating scene. CLAUDIA WILLIAMS reports on how a minefield just got a lot more complicated



"This is the point I'd usually ask you for a drink, but we can't do that so... Can I interest you in a PowerPoint presentation instead?" Jess, a 26-year-old who works in communications, was chatting to a guy she'd met on dating app Hinge a few weeks into lockdown. He gave her five topics to choose from – including the character Super Hans from TV sitcom *Peep Show*, the London jazz scene, and English philosopher John Stuart Mill's 1859 essay *On Liberty*. She opted for Super Hans.

Trapped at home during the pandemic, and in different cities, they set up the call on video conferencing app Zoom. After his 20-minute presentation there was a short quiz (she did "alright actually... it was a very good PowerPoint") and they carried on talking. In fact, a couple of months later and they're still dating. It was "a good icebreaker", Jess laughs.

The coronavirus pandemic changed the reality of dating almost as soon as it hit the headlines. Suddenly all the casual, unthinking norms of getting to know someone – a carefree arm around the shoulder; a first kiss – became infection points. Or, as the New York Board of Health bluntly advised back in March: "You are your safest sex partner."

Not even couples were spared. As the UK grappled with the reality of lockdown, Jenny Harries, the deputy chief medical officer, gave a stark warning: move in together or "be prepared for a long period of time apart".

Assuming lockdown would be more sprint than marathon, Maya, a 26-year-old trainee psychologist, and her girlfriend of six weeks jumped in feet first. They decamped to her parents' house outside London – along with her siblings and their (long-term) partners. "If you usually introduce a partner to your parents, it's over a weekend or a dinner," she jokes. Not in lockdown, during a pandemic, with absolutely nowhere to hide. After four weeks they amicably decided it was best to continue their budding relationship in a more normal setting; separate houses.

Those who started lockdown without partners have flocked to dating apps. It's a change that looks likely to be permanent, says Viren Swami, social psychology professor at Anglia Ruskin University. Who would dare to judge online dating anymore? Tinder, Hinge and Bumble all reported an increase in usage in the early months of lockdown. And people aren't just swiping: they're also talking more. In the month to 22 April, conversations on the queer dating app Lex increased by 30 per cent. Some of the bigger platforms have adapted to "dating from home" with new features like video calls.

But virtual dating has introduced a whole new set of logistical problems – especially with someone you've never met before. "The microphone on my laptop wasn't very good," Jess says, "so usually I would have to lean in and speak into it." But leaning forward meant she

wasn't at an optimum angle for looking her best on camera. "I found myself having to shout at the laptop."

Plus, she had moved home for the first part of lockdown, so was faced with having to go on 'dates' while holed up in her bedroom away from her parents. She ended up telling them she was "Skyping the girls" and they didn't seem to notice that for some calls she was wearing a lot more make up. Once, her mum walked in mid-date to say goodnight.

While some people have kept digital meet-ups strictly PG, for others quarantine has been a time to experiment – with varied success. Will, a 28-year-old British official based in Europe, ended up on a drunken video call with an Australian guy he'd planned to meet before the pandemic. "At first it was intriguing but after a while it was clear we were both basically in our family homes and trying to be quiet. He couldn't sort the angles at all... and at one point it froze with him in a very unsexy pose." They didn't stay in touch.

Alison, who started in-person dating just before lockdown for the first time in 20 years after finalising her divorce, has similar misgivings. It's been hard to negotiate this brave new world while cooped up in the same house as her children. "At my grand old age of 48 I've had to try and navigate the world of virtual sex... I can't tell you. Awful, just awful. Zoom is a nightmare. You need to have an extra hand."

Others have embraced the situation wholeheartedly. When Sophie Duker, a 30-year-old comedian, realised she was probably going to take and send a fair few naked pictures during lockdown, she decided it was time to "skill-up". "While other people were making banana bread" she arranged a series of nude masterclasses on Instagram Live with "expert" guest lecturers covering topics like "safety while snapping", "dude nudes" and fat nudity. "I did think it would be a fun, joyful thing to do," she explains. The hundreds of effusively grateful people who tuned in each time appear to have agreed.

But things are changing. The world is bubbling back to life. Galleries, pubs and cinemas can open in a matter of days; the two-metre rule has been eased. As yet, there's no update on the euphemistic warning made by Matt Hancock, the UK health secretary, at the start of May that there could be "no hugging new friends" until a coronavirus vaccine is found. It's a thin glaze of normality upon a wildly altered core.

Nicole, a 23-year-old writer from Scarborough who hasn't dated before because of PTSD, has welcomed this new enforced space as a kind of barrier – allowing her to get to know someone free from the expectation of sleeping with them.

For others it's a point of negotiation. Jess, who moved back to London and so no longer needs to Zoom-date in secret, found the whole thing stressful. It's a lot of pressure for a first kiss: "It adds another layer of like... are we morally irresponsible citizens if we do?"

For Tania, a 28-year-old who suddenly found herself stuck in the countryside with her whole family, social distancing is long gone. Not that it went unnoticed. When she wasn't home from a date by 12.30am she started getting missed calls from her brothers and messages from her mother asking where she was. Their only form of entertainment, the next morning



Kissing after Covid



NEW RULES: Young people on the riverbank at Hackney Marshes as temperatures soared to 31 degrees in London on June 24

Photo: Getty Images

she faced another barrage of questions. "I was [sneaking home] 10 years ago... And now I'm nearly 30 and doing the same thing." Best not to mention the extent to which she broke the rules with her date. She felt bad about breaking Hancock's rule – but "not bad enough not to do it".

There will always be people who break the social distancing rules, professor Swami explains. It's not specific to dating, more a general issue about risk analysis.

He compares it to using condoms: whatever people intend when they're at home, once they meet someone and have a drink they are less likely to use them. Ditto social distancing. Except in this instance, the communal public health impact is much higher.

And those risks affect everyone differently. Becky, a 41-year-old who works in the charity sector, lives alone in an isolated farmhouse in the French countryside after getting divorced last year. With work piling up, she hired a gardener. "We kind of got into this

routine where he'd come over to the garden and then stay for some drinks." One thing led to another, and they started sleeping together. It was very *Desperate Housewives* – except they both kept panicking about the virus. "One night, he got really freaked out and put cushions and pillows down the middle of the bed," Becky remembers. "I was just like: it's a bit late for that now?" Eventually they decided to call it quits. She can't see herself dating much in the future, especially with the possibility of a second coronavirus wave.

With the virus still present, for lots of people the parameters of "safe" dating have shifted. "You need to build enough of a relationship and enough rapport with somebody," Alex Zammit, a behavioural scientist, says. Potential suitors will want to "know more about [a date's] background, more about where they've been, more about who they've been interacting with."

For people with multiple partners, especially multiple partners dating other multiple partners, it's complicated. Neil,



a 41-year-old entrepreneur from Cardiff, is solo polyamorous, which means he doesn't have a primary partner and sees all his relationships as equal. How did that work out during lockdown? "I'm not gonna say easy because it really, really hasn't been." He ended up living with one woman, mutually breaking up with another, and dating the third from a distance.

The pandemic poses a problem for the wider polyamorous community because of the extended risk of infection.

"They're having hierarchies and importances placed on relationships that they didn't really have to consider before" and were consciously trying to avoid. If one person is uncomfortable with an existing chain of contact, "that's a very difficult conversation to have", Neil said.

It's a specific version of the type of open and honest conversation more and more people will be facing in the upcoming months. It's hard to imagine the government explicitly condoning kissing or dating while the virus remains

a risk – and it's hard to imagine people abstaining completely, as the past few months have proven.

Though he's keen to caution against it, and highlight the wider risks involved, professor Swami understands the impetus. "Essentially, [dating] is like playing the lottery. People keep doing it, knowing that the likelihood of winning is tiny. But if you win – you are going to be really, really happy."

Some names have been changed

This article was originally published by Tortoise. Tortoise is committed to open, inclusive journalism and helping its members make sense of the world around them. Try it today. Download the Tortoise app and you can get your first 30 days for free

Tortoise

The forgotten drug treatment

Vaccines and antivirals are getting the limelight, but antibody drugs could play a vital role, explains LARA MARKS



Researchers have been working around the clock to find an effective treatment for Covid-19. The first drug to show promise is dexamethasone, a cheap, widely-available steroid. An Oxford trial showed that the drug cut the risk of death for Covid-19 patients on ventilators by a third, and by a fifth for those on oxygen.

But dexamethasone is not a panacea. Its beneficial effects are confined to critical patients in need of respiratory support. It has less impact on milder forms of the disease. What is encouraging about dexamethasone is it provides a proof for future therapies. The drug works by blocking the overactive immune response triggered by SARS-CoV-2, the coronavirus that causes Covid-19. This can cause excessive inflammation – a complication often more damaging than the virus itself.

Dexamethasone is one of several anti-inflammatory drugs under investigation as potential treatment for Covid-19. Many of these drugs are monoclonal antibody (mAb) drugs. These contain antibodies – Y-shaped proteins produced by the immune system to combat foreign substances, such as bacteria and viruses. In the case of anti-inflammatory drugs, the antibodies are engineered to block overactive cytokines, small proteins that regulate the inflammatory response.

Antibodies have been used to fight disease ever since the closing decade of the 19th century when it was found serum from animals that had survived diphtheria and tetanus conferred immunity in animals with no previous exposure to such diseases, and could cure the diseases. Known as serum therapy, it was the mainstay of treatment until the rise of antibiotics.

For much of the 20th century, the only source of antibodies were those that could be obtained from serum extracted from the blood of previously immunised animals. This was time-consuming, expensive and impossible to standardise. However, a breakthrough came at the Laboratory of Molecular Biology, in Cambridge, when César Milstein, an Argentinian immunologist, and Georges Köhler, a German biologist developed a technique to produce limitless quantities of identical antibodies to a specific target.

The method involves creating a hybrid cell line, known as a hybridoma, by fusing a short-lived antibody-producing B cell, a type of white blood cell, collected from the spleen of an immunised animal with an immortal cancer cell line. Maintained in a medium, the hybridoma can generate large quantities of what is known as 'monoclonal antibodies', denoting the fact they are all identical and clones of a unique parent cell.

Awarded the Nobel prize in 1984,

Milstein and Köhler's invention was soon used to treat people. The first mAb drug was licensed in 1986. Since then, more than 80 have been licensed in the US and Europe. They now make up a third of all new medicines introduced worldwide. Most are directed towards cancer and autoimmune disorders, such as rheumatoid arthritis and multiple sclerosis.

Despite their success, little attention has been paid to the potential of mAb drugs for treating Covid-19. This is surprising given their record for treating immune disorders. Also, they are much quicker to develop than the vaccines and antiviral drugs currently grabbing the limelight. Part of the explanation may lie in the fact that only three mAb drugs have so far been licensed for infectious diseases. This slow progress stems from the dominance of antibiotics, which are cheap to make and easy to take. However, because of the rise of antibiotic resistance, attitudes have recently begun to shift towards developing mAb drugs to treat infectious diseases.

In the past, mAb drugs were considered unsuitable for infectious diseases because they are very expensive to make. But recent advances have helped to reduce their cost. Another obstacle is that mAb drugs must be given intravenously. But this is not such an issue for seriously ill Covid-19 patients who already receive intravenous infusions in intensive care.

Several mAb drugs already approved for other conditions are now being tested for Covid-19. They include drugs used to treat rheumatoid arthritis and other inflammatory conditions. Among them is infliximab, which made history in the 1990s by overturning the conventional view that a mAb drug would never succeed as a treatment for inflammatory disorders.

Aside from their potential to curb Covid-19 related inflammation, mAbs could help protect people at high risk of exposure to the infection, such as healthcare workers, and people with compromised immune systems, such as those receiving chemotherapy. Known as passive immunisation, this type of preventative treatment has been used for centuries. The mAbs used for passive immunisation are very different from those used for treating the inflammatory components of Covid-19. It involves using mAbs specifically targeted against the SARS-CoV-2 virus. Such mAbs have a couple of advantages over vaccines: they are faster to develop and provide immunity within minutes. The downside is that the protection only lasts for a short time – typically months.

Monoclonal antibody drugs proved successful for passive immunisation during the Ebola outbreak in West Africa. Several teams are now creating mAbs against SARS-CoV-2 for passive immunisation. If successful, they will be helpful in the absence of a vaccine.

■ Lara Marks is a visiting research fellow at Jeffrey Cheah Biomedical Centre, Cambridge University; this article also appears at theconversation.com

AGENDA

The '45 Rising

FRANCIS BECKETT on the anniversary of the UK's most transformative ever election



Seventy five years ago on Sunday, Britain elected the most transformative government we have ever had, with a massive 135-seat majority. Britons didn't know what they had done for another three weeks – the count was held up so that the armed forces' ballot boxes could be brought home – but they cast their fateful votes on July 5, 1945.

In the next three years, Clement Attlee's Labour government set up a complete welfare system designed to look after its citizens "from the cradle to the grave", including a National Health Service and unemployment pay.

It abolished homelessness with a massive council house building programme, and ensured that everyone went to school. It made sure there was work for everyone, including one-and-a-half million demobilised soldiers, and it nationalised key sections of the economy including railways, mines and the Bank of England.

It was, of course, accused of attacking freedom. During the election Churchill warned that Attlee's proposals would lead to "some sort of Gestapo" and later the leaders of the British Medical Association said doctors would not work in the government's "concentration camps" and would not bow to "Hitlerite coercion".

Some religious leaders felt the state was trespassing on their territory. Cardinal Bernard Griffin, leader of England's Catholics, complained: "It will be a sad day for England when charity becomes the affair of the state." Cardinal Griffin also negotiated the opting out of Catholic hospitals from the new NHS.

But Attlee could ignore these voices, because the lesson Britain had learned in wartime was that in a really great crisis, the state has to take control of much of the economy. The state works when the market cannot.

So the Attlee government was able to create a strong and confident public sector, and give it a lot of responsibility. Local councils had more power than they have ever had, before or since; they were the engine of the government's housing policy. The market ruled in the 1930s – but when it came to a great crisis, the market couldn't deliver. Throughout the war, industry and the economy were bent to the needs of the state.

It took a while, but by 1979 the state was back in its accustomed place as the pantomime villain of politics. We learned to despise what Margaret Thatcher called the nanny state. We listened to Ronald Reagan: "Government is not the solution to our problem – government is the problem."



NEW DAWN: Prime minister Clement Attlee celebrates with supporters after Labour's surprise 1945 General Election victory

Photo: Getty Images

Even when we had a Labour government, Tony Blair only talked of the public sector in terms of the "scars on my back".

Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich Hayek preached to adoring audiences here and in the USA that – in the words of the Washington-based Mises Institute – "the only viable economic policy for the human race is a policy of unrestricted laissez-faire, of free markets and the unhampered exercise of the right of private property, with government strictly limited to the defence of person and

property within its territorial area".

And yet here we are, in the most serious crisis since the war, and the lessons of that conflict are being learned again. This year the most doctrinaire Conservative government ever, with an 80-seat majority and purged of all the moderate voices in the Tory party, has brought the state right into the centre of the lives of its citizens.

We have learned once again the lesson Britain learned during the war – that when you're up against it, the market can't deliver. People are saying, as they did in 1945: we have not made these

sacrifices just to go back to the same unfair society we knew before, with its grotesque inequalities of wealth and power.

Boris Johnson is determined to ensure that the end of the virus emergency is not a 1945 moment. That's why, in his first speech after his return from illness, he went out of his way to make sure we understood that making creative use of the public sector was strictly temporary.

He said: "Without our private sector, without the drive and commitment of the wealth creators of this country, there will



1945 REVISITED

The election was the first in which Labour won a majority. The national swing to the party from the Conservatives of 10.7% is the largest ever seen in a UK general election.

It was also the last one featuring the National Liberal Party, which had broken away from the Liberals in 1931. It merged with the Tories in 1947.

Among those to enter parliament in 1945 were Harold Wilson, James Callaghan, Barbara Castle, Michael Foot and Hugh Gaitskell. Harold Macmillan lost his seat but returned to parliament in a by-election later in the year.

Labour was able to force a general election. Since Johnson was gifted a huge parliamentary majority, he cannot be forced to go to the country until 2024 – plenty of time to recreate the old mantra that the state can only do harm, especially if by then we are out of the EU with no deal and entirely dependent on whatever Donald Trump chooses to give us.

Meanwhile, the government is taking care not to let people feel too beholden to the state. Covid tests may be paid for by the state, but they are carried out by people with a company logo on their lapels. The government is supporting businesses and charities to the tune of billions of pounds during the crisis, but local authorities have been told by Communities Secretary Robert Jenrick that they will get no extra support to compensate for the additional strain on services caused by the pandemic. Nor will they get anything to replace their income from airports, public transport, parking, leisure and other charges.

They are being given responsibility for controversial areas that the government has failed to solve, but without the necessary powers or funding. The easy bits of testing go to the private sector, but local authorities have been handed the huge problem of delivering it in care homes.

And the state will feel more than ever like an oppressor now that the government has refused to sign up to human rights safeguards. The EU wants a commitment that Britain will continue as a signatory of the European Convention on Human Rights as a condition of a trade deal.

The government has refused to give such a commitment. The only other European country which has not signed this convention is Belarus.

But the government's biggest weapon is that the idea of government running things effectively is hard to sell when, despite controlling so much of the means of production, exchange and control, the government is making a complete shambles of managing the crisis.

There is a horrible, wrenching irony in this. Johnson's best ally is his own louche incompetence.

■ Francis Beckett's *Clem Attlee: Labour's Great Reformer* is published by Haus

■ See pages 26-28 for exclusive extracts of Andrew Adonis' new biography of Ernest Bevin

be no economy to speak of, there will be no cash to pay for our public services, no way of funding our NHS."

In this crisis, he was saying, we have to make use of the public sector, but in the long term, the market is all that matters.

The greatest fear I have is that he will succeed where Churchill failed; that the public sector will be safely put back in its box, and we will return to an even more brutally unfair society than we had last year.

Johnson has time on his side. In 1945

Mandrake

Tim Walker

mandrake@theneweuropean.co.uk

@thattimwalker



Cummings: The neighbour from hell

Booed and jeered by his neighbours in Islington, north London, for his disregard of the lockdown rules, **Dominic Cummings** has long had a reputation as a disruptive influence in his road. Mandrake hears from nearby residents who say they were "deafened" when he demolished the two-storey rear extension to his £2 million mansion and replaced it with a two-storey part-width rear extension and a full-width ground-floor extension.

"The noise and disruption was unbearable," one tells me. Cummings, pictured, and his wife **Mary Wakefield** bought the property in July 2013 and submitted their plans five months later. They refurbished the ground floor with a formal living room, a reading room with double height space; as well as an amended lower ground floor, complete with a retained tapestry room (how elitist is that?), kitchen, dining room, window seat and adjacent wildlife pond.

Work on this scale wouldn't have come cheap for Cummings, who began planning for the project long before he joined **Boris Johnson** in Downing Street on what would no doubt be considered there as a "chicken feed" salary of £100,000 or less.

Cummings is not, of course, the only member of Johnson's inner sanctum to be big on home improvements. Last week it emerged that the communities secretary **Robert Jenrick** had been granted permission for an extension to one of his London homes. Officials on Westminster council had previously objected twice. A third application, made two months after Jenrick was elected as an MP, was approved after a Conservative councillor living in the neighbourhood intervened to request the application be referred to a planning committee, which gave it the go-ahead.

Conversion

The other day, I noted how many of Boris Johnson's disciples had been repenting. Conservative commentator **Tim Montgomerie** had announced he'd "broken" with him, **Piers Morgan** – who'd voted for him – said he was "done," and the *Spectator* – which Johnson used to edit – ran a piece saying he isn't fit to lead. Even the former *Sunday Times* columnist **Sarah Baxter** now seems reconciled to the fact the "cheerful Brexit" she told her readers he'd deliver might not happen.

Now, it's **Peter Osborne**'s turn. "I have reported on British politics for almost

three decades, and have never encountered a senior British politician who lies, cheats and fabricates as habitually or systematically – or with as much inventive relish – as Boris Johnson," he wrote in *Middle East Eye* last week.

This is the same Osborne who wrote in the *Daily Mail* barely nine months ago: "I used to know Boris Johnson very well... He was a wise and compassionate individual with a gift for forging friendships... He's capable of being a huge figure on the international stage, a master of charm and diplomacy..."

Kung fu

In behaviour strangely reminiscent of David Brent, Boris Johnson took it upon himself to demonstrate to a journalist last week that he could do press-ups. Mandrake would like to see the prime minister show off his kung fu skills next. Am I being serious? Yes. I can't necessarily vouch for its veracity, but Johnson used to list the Chinese martial art under "recreations" in *Debrett's People of Today*.

Grave tale

Nigel Pargetter died in *The Archers* nine years ago, but has since risen triumphantly from the grave in a three-part podcast that's available at www.thepargettertriptych.com. It's scripted by **Helen Leadbeater** – one of the Radio 4 show's original writers – and Nigel is once again played by the great **Graham Seed**.

So much has happened during Nigel's period six feet under that Mandrake wondered what he'd make of Brexit.

"His concerns about the downfall of Lower Loxley would almost certainly have made him a Remainer," Seed, pictured, tells me. "He'd have been very upset that his wife Lizzie never got around to applying for an EU grant to maintain their ha-ha as now, of course, it's too late. And his dreams of exporting Lower Loxley wines to Europe, where are they?"



AGENDA

This government is only about Brexiteer revenge

Forget 'Build, Build, Build'. The new three-word slogan this government is being run on is 'Take Brexit Revenge'.

What other rational explanation is there for this irrational administration? It is lurching out of coronavirus crisis and into self-made brawls with the civil service, the media, the EU and more, displaying all the good sense of a July 4 reveller who drunkenly picks on you for spilling his last orders pint.

Brexit always had a whiff of revenge about it, whether from MPs obsessed with Germany's part in the Second World War or voters in deprived areas voting to end their own EU subsidies in order to give the metropolitan elites a bloody nose. Now the government reeks of it.

Mark Sedwill, the UK's top civil servant, is off, supposedly at his own request, although that's hard to square with months of chatter that Brexiteers viewed him as an obstacle, a blocker.

The prime minister insists the next civil service head will be impartial, although that's hard to square with briefings to friendly newspapers that they must be a Brexiteer.

Someone from a right-wing blog turns up on TV to blather that "people have talked about shaking up the civil service for decades, but when Dominic Cummings does it it's seen as a nefarious purge". That's hard to square with Cummings himself "joking" last August that disobedient civil servants would be "purged" after hearing that some were refusing to use the B-word in memos.

You might have expected older and cooler heads on the government

Steve Anglesey



backbenches to protest against the politicisation of the civil service, but of course the older and cooler heads have rolled, purged in the first pre-election act of vengeance by Cummings and Johnson.

John Bercow undoubtedly would have rallied against it in the Lords, but in an act of petulant recrimination he became the first speaker of the House of Commons in 230 years not to get a peerage upon retirement.

Disobedient media outlets from *Newsnight* to *Good Morning Britain* have been punished for supposed Brexit scepticism with ministerial boycotts. *Channel 4 News* is a serial offender, and a Tory spokesman last year accused its parent broadcaster of "conspiring" with Jeremy Corbyn to prevent Conservatives appearing in their infamous climate change leaders' debate, so naturally Channel 4's licence is under threat.

Tim Davie, new director-general of the frequently dissenting BBC, might be a former deputy chairman of the Hammersmith and Fulham Conservative party but there are fears that years inside the corporation might have given him Stockholm Syndrome. So he'll have to cope with decriminalising non-payment of the licence fee, costing at least £1 billion over five years, before it is



replaced with a subscription in 2027 if the Tories win again. The end result of journalism that asks difficult questions is now retaliation and recriminations.

Of course, the ultimate revenge tragedy is now being played out in face-to-face talks in Brussels, where the

UNBLOCKED:
Boris Johnson
and Mark Sedwill
Photo: Getty
Images

Brexiteers' absurd demands for redress after years beneath the yoke of peace and prosperity seems to be leading us towards a costly no-deal exit.

The classic example of Brexit revenge is Michael Gove's insistence that EEC red tape had strangled the life out of his father's fishing firm in the 1970s. This week, he tweeted: "I was a child in care, whose adoptive father ran a business destroyed by the EU." That built on a narrative he introduced during the referendum, when Gove told the BBC: "I saw the pride my father and grandfather had in their business and obviously it was very difficult to cope with seeing everything they had built disappear. I was just a schoolboy at the time, I didn't know what I was going to be doing in the future, but it stayed with me."

We see things differently when we are young, and differently still when we are older but obsessed by ideology. Contacted by the *Guardian* eight days before the 2016 vote, Ernest Gove said: "It wasn't any hardship or things like that. I just decided to call it a day and just sold up my business and went on to work with someone else." Later, just possibly after a quiet word, Gove senior issued a clarifying statement explaining that his business "closed as a direct result of Europe."

How many more mistakes will be made, how many more clarifying statements will need to be issued and how many more times will we be embarrassed and driven towards ruin by a government driven by retribution, reprisal and revenge?

STEVE'S SELECTION

TONY RATCLIFFE

This *Sunday Express* letter-writer began by passing on his congratulations to title-winning Liverpool manager Jürgen Klopp. But that was about as good as it got, as our correspondent had spotted an interview in which the German said, "I don't understand why we started wearing face masks in closed areas on June 15 when five or six weeks ago all the other countries were doing it". Mr Ratcliffe continued: "He has made it clear in the past he's a Europhile, now he publicly criticises the government of a country he is guest in over how it handled coronavirus. If the roles were reversed and I was working in Germany, I would not dream of criticising their government. Stick to what you know please, Mr Klopp." These cheeky foreigners, coming over here with their stylish football and their reasonable political analysis!

JACOB REES-MOGG

Edmund Burke's "A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation" is the latest archive quote to be picked out by Crackers Jacob in his *Weekly Wisdom* column for the *Sunday Express*. Moggy added this explanation: "A true Tory always welcomes stabilising change." Which is no doubt why Rees-Mogg has been opposing the temporary lifting of Sunday trading hours - which the government believes might save some jobs - on religious grounds. The member for the 19th century also says he hopes Britons might celebrate on July 4 with "a yard of ale", harking back to his advice to his parliamentary staff that they should use imperial measurements at all times. This is despite the UK's adoption of the metric system in 1965, four years before the birth of master Jacob.

Conservative MP and deputy chairman of the European Research Group, Mark Francois. Photo: Dan Kitwood/Getty Images



MARK FRANCOIS

The MP told the Evening Standard: "Believe it or not I do 50 press-ups each morning." After careful consideration, I'm going to go with "not".

Francois also sent Michael Barnier a pompous letter titled "A Missive from a free country", which began "I am writing to you in my capacity as chairman of the European Research Group - it is possible that you may have heard of us." Zing! No doubt Francois was still beaming over that one even as Barnier's assistant reviewed his missive and filed it in the waste bin. Francois concluded that the ERG's aims were "to live in a free country which elects its own government and makes its own laws". Does someone else want to tell him, or shall I?

NIGEL FARAGE

"He clearly no longer possesses the robust mental faculties needed to take on the top job. He's often forgetful and his speeches verge on incoherence," wrote the nicotine-stained man-frog in an Express piece about Donald Trump. Had Nigel seen the light at last? No, amazingly this turned out to be his view of Trump's rival Joe Biden. Farage also claimed that when he met the president on February 29, Trump was "riding high, with... a booming stock market and some experts contemplating a Trump landslide in the November presidential election." Well, almost - stocks had just suffered their worst weekly loss since the 2008 financial crisis and Domestos Don was 4.1% down against Biden in the polls. Luckily Nigel's morale-boosting visit did the trick and Trump is now trailing by a much more healthy 9.4%!

EXPERTISE

Jürgen Klopp, manager of new Premier League champions Liverpool, is a man who transcends his sport. **TONY EVANS** interviewed him, shortly before his team took the title, about his politics, his background and what drives him



Jürgen Klopp does not care what people think. He has little interest in how others perceive him. The 53-year-old does not need anyone's approval. He is secure in his own self. Sitting on a couch at Liverpool's Melwood training ground, the German explains his thought process.

"It sounds ridiculous but I never lacked confidence," he says. "But not in any 'I can do everything' way. I knew that if I made a mistake and people make a big fuss about it, I cannot change it."

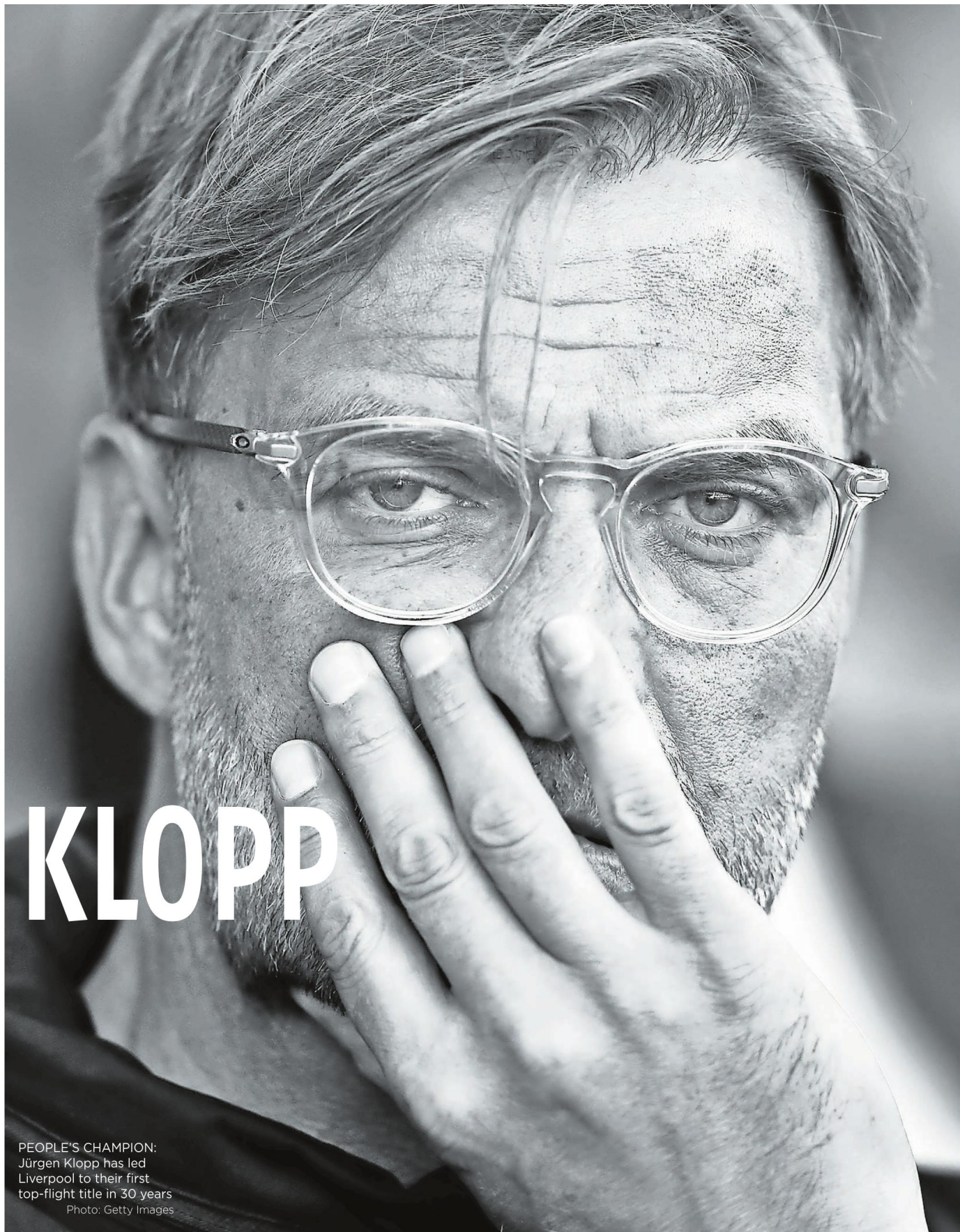
He shrugs. For now the fuss is all about his successes. Klopp has been manager of Liverpool for four and a half increasingly impressive years. Last season, his team won the Champions League, football's most glamorous club competition. They have dominated this coronavirus-affected domestic campaign and were 25 points clear at the top of the Premier League when football was suspended in March. They became English champions last week, when a Manchester City defeat meant the second-placed team would be unable to catch them. It has been 30 years since Liverpool last won the title. Merseyside has been waiting for this moment for a long time.

KING KLOPP

Like all of us, Klopp has been tested by the limbo of lockdown, but as the spectacle of football returns, diminished by empty stadiums, he comes back enhanced, a leader who turned out to be more in tune with Liverpool – the club, the city and its passionate history – than anyone could have expected.

The lockdown means our interview has to be conducted remotely on Zoom. Klopp prefers this to telephone conversations because he likes to see the face of his questioner. He is relaxed and engaged. Flashing that high-wattage smile and quick to laugh.

This is not always the case when



PEOPLE'S CHAMPION:
Jürgen Klopp has led
Liverpool to their first
top-flight title in 30 years
Photo: Getty Images

EXPERTISE

From page 12

dealing with football personalities. A culture of suspicion and defensiveness towards the media exists in the sport and interviews can be a chore for managers who are preoccupied with the demands of their job. Before the start, a colleague jokingly gives a warning about Klopp's tendency to talk.

"Don't be shy of cutting him off," he says. "He likes to go on." It is worth letting Klopp's thought process run their course. He has plenty to say.

His style of management is idiosyncratic and emotional. He sometimes appears like a caricature with his pitchside antics. His energy can boil over and he celebrates like a fan, smothering his players with hugs and kisses. When things are going less well, he rouses the crowd, recognising their part in creating a winning environment. He can turn a phrase. "Heavy-metal football," a throwaway line, has become part of the game's lexicon.

How did his approach develop? Who were his leadership models when growing up in the small town of Glatten in the Black Forest? "My father and my mother," he says immediately. "To be honest, I didn't look up to any others. I had good teachers and less good teachers. I had very good coaches and less good coaches with better personalities.

"That's the truth. I never had role models because I think you have to find your own way. That's the first reason for it. I never was worried that I would choose the wrong way because I was always interested in people and was always interested in the benefits of a big group; my family, my friends, my team.

"I did not look up to anyone and think, 'wow, that's exactly how I should work'. I hear a lot and see a lot of people and they do a great job in different areas but it's not that I try to get information about how they became the people they are. Life is our guide.

"You have to take the right crossroads. We all have to make decisions constantly – left, right, straightaways – but if you are lucky enough to more often than not take the right direction then you should be fine. At least when you have my life, when you've grown up in a village. There were not a lot of crossroads where I could make mistakes."

Klopp's father, Norbert, was a sales representative and a thwarted footballer. He honed his son's competitive instincts. "Early in the morning, come rain or shine, he would put me on the touchline on the pitch, let me start running for a bit and then ran himself, overtaking me," Klopp once explained to a German newspaper.

The regimen continued until the youngster was quicker than his father. "It was a far cry from being fun," Klopp said. Norbert, who died in 2000, was stingy with his praise. Elisabeth, his mother, was much more affectionate. Nevertheless, Klopp grew up in a happy, comfortable home.

The Swabian forest was a great place for a youngster. "The childhood was brilliant there," Klopp says. "Absolutely brilliant. You could do everything you wanted as a little kid. But when you become a teenager it becomes boring overnight. Really boring. If you miss the bus, you have to wait another 24 hours. It's not that you take the next one. I knew when I was 14 that I would leave the area.



FAVOURITE SON:
1 Jürgen Klopp celebrates with Mainz fans after a Bundesliga victory over Bayern Munich in 2005

Photo: Getty Images

I loved being there but always knew it was too small."

This February, in the midst of a blizzard, Glatten seemed even more isolated. The locals are very reserved. A Swabian proverb says '*Nix gschwatzet isch Lob gnuag*' – to say nothing is praise enough – but the pride in Klopp is obvious.

In a bar, the man behind the counter was delighted to find that the stranger asking questions about football was from Liverpool. "You are from Klopptown," he exclaimed in delight. Did the barman know the town's most famous son? "Everyone knows Klopp."

The goldfish bowl intimacy was one of the reasons why Klopp was so keen to leave Glatten.

"[It was] too small minded," he says. "There's a lot of duties you have to fulfil. On Saturday morning if you don't brush the street in front of your house then you must be dead. That's your only excuse – you died overnight. Otherwise everyone's asking where you are. It's a nice place with really nice people but I was always going to leave – to experience different things, to experience more. After I did my

A-levels I went on holiday for two weeks, came home and then left. Never came back pretty much. I go there a lot of times but not to live."

The crossroads out of Glatten took Klopp first to Mainz as a player and a manager, then to Borussia Dortmund, where he acquired the reputation as one of the world's top managers. Finally the road led to Liverpool.

Merseyside can feel even more like a village, especially when it comes to football. The spotlight is never off players and managers. Rumours spread like wildfire. At the height of the Covid-19 emergency, Klopp was spotted on the streets near his home in Formby applauding ambulances.

Everyone in the city seemed to have heard about it within hours. When Klopp's wife, Ulla, placed thousands of pounds behind the counters of local supermarkets to help pay the bills of essential workers, the story reached the newspapers quickly.

The Klopps were disappointed that their gifts could not remain anonymous. A private life is a luxury for a football manager and his family on Merseyside.

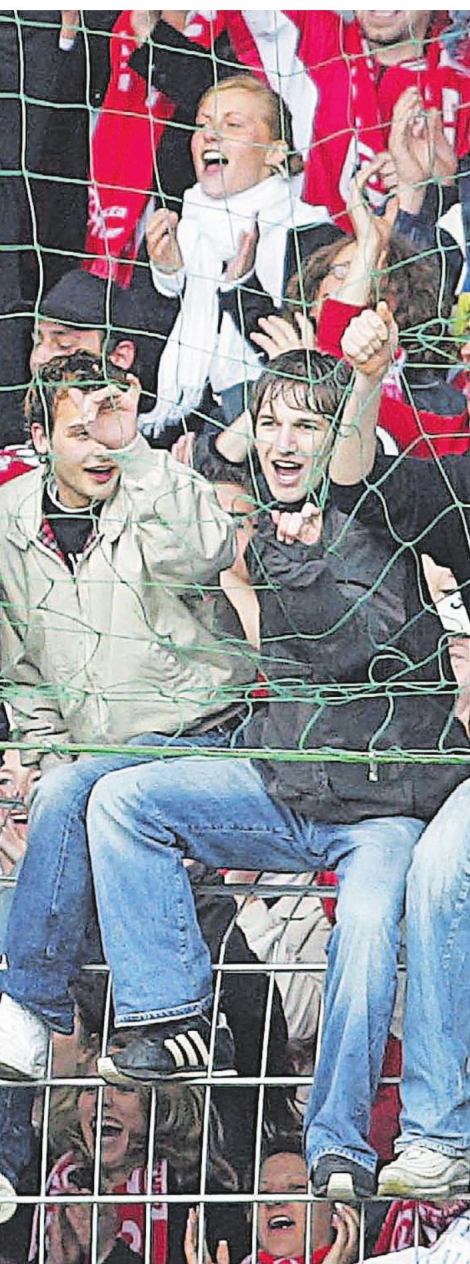
Liverpool is an unusual club. The supporters want success on the pitch but have high expectations of the man in the dugout. This is down to one man, Bill Shankly, a Scot who remade the football club in his own likeness during his 15 years in charge.

Like Klopp, Shankly was from a village, a mining community called Glenbuck. He became manager at Anfield in 1959 and brought glory – and the ethos of the pit – to the club. One of Shankly's most famous quotes still resonates with the broadly left-wing fanbase. "The socialism I believe in is everybody working for the same goal and everybody having a share in the rewards," he said. "That's how I see football, that's how I see life."

The managers who are truly loved by the Kop have connected with the mindset of a region that is frequently on the political, social and economic margins of British life. Kenny Dalglish, the greatest player in the club's history, was in charge at the time of the Hillsborough disaster in 1989 and carried the emotional burden of a city.

Dalglish has continued to be a symbol of the fight for justice since then. More

EXPERTISE



recently Rafa Benitez was an advocate for the area – even to the point of setting up permanent home on the Wirral – and became deeply involved with the wider community.

The Spaniard developed a close connection with the Hillsborough families and campaigners and donated substantial sums to a variety of charities.

Klopp, with his avowed left-wing instincts, was a perfect match for a support base that craves a leader with his type of views. The German did not realise what he was getting into, though.

“I didn’t know that before I came,” he says. “I didn’t know how big the role is at Liverpool. I knew about Shankly. I knew about Kenny and Rafa Benitez. But I knew about them as managers or coaches. Not about what they did for the city.”

“I don’t think it would have helped me. I’d have thought ‘wow, that’s really big if I have to step in his shoes, that’s not possible.’”

Klopp, though, has exceeded the expectations of even the most politically-minded supporters. He articulated his views in an interview with *Die*



ADORATION:

2 Dortmund fans pay tribute to Klopp after the German's decision to leave in 2015 following seven years at the helm

3 Klopp celebrates after leading Mainz to promotion to the Bundesliga in 2004

Photos: Getty Images

Tageszeitung: “I’m on the left, of course. More left than middle. I believe in the welfare state. I’m not privately insured. I would never vote for a party because they promised to lower the top tax rate. My political understanding is this: if I am doing well, I want others to do well, too. If there’s something I will never do in my life it is vote for the right.”

Ian Byrne, the Labour MP for West Derby and a founder of the Fans Supporting Foodbanks initiative, has been impressed in his conversations with Klopp. “He’s a perfect fit for the club and city,” Byrne says. “He gets it. He’s politically astute and very inquisitive.”

“He doesn’t understand what’s going on in this country. He understands that foodbanks are necessary but is appalled that a nation as rich as this has people going hungry.”

The Liverpool manager pays close attention to British politics. Klopp was impressed by Jeremy Corbyn’s policies but underwhelmed by the 71-year-old’s leadership skills. He has even less confidence in Boris Johnson and recently attacked the government’s policy during the coronavirus emergency. “I was not

worried for one second that the government could cost us the title because I was worried about the numbers who were dying – and I’m still worried,” Klopp said.

“I didn’t vote for this government. This government was the choice of other people. And the problem I had was that I got the news from England and the news from Germany.”

“If aliens looked at us both from the outside, they would think we came from two different planets.”

Byrne believes Klopp could prove to be an important figure on the British social landscape. “He’s depressed by inequalities,” the MP said. “I think he’ll play a big role in highlighting the problem in the coming months. He’s the right man for the right time.”

As for life after football, Byrne thinks the possibilities are almost boundless. “He can do anything,” he said. “He could be a future chancellor of Germany.”

That viewpoint is endorsed by a number of people who know Klopp. “When he arrived, someone said he was ‘a Knight,’” a source at Anfield said. “It sounds silly but you can understand what

they meant. He has an inbuilt desire to fix things. If people come into his orbit with problems he will try to help if he can.

“His wife is the same. She was a social worker before they met. It makes sense. If they know you are in trouble their instinct is to help.”

Unwittingly, Klopp has followed in the footsteps of Shankly. It has come as a surprise to him. What brought him to Merseyside was pure footballing ambition. Yet, even within the narrow confines of the game the job was much broader than he expected.

“The reason I came here is it was just a really interesting project,” he says. “A big club with a really good team who were not playing the best football at the moment. I didn’t think for a second about what would be my role.”

“Yes, there were a few question marks in my mind because in Germany I was a head coach and you come here and it’s a manager. In Germany we think that’s just a different job description, the same thing but a different name. It’s not. But I didn’t know that before so I had to grow in this role, step by step. Again, if I had known more about it, maybe I would have said I’m not sure if I want to do it like this, I want to be just a coach.”

“I didn’t ask about a budget. Maybe I should have done. That’s good for the owners because I’m from Germany and we don’t think like that. As a head coach in Germany you go and take over a team and the next question is not ‘how much money do I have to spend?’ Nobody tells us. The answer would probably be it depends how successful you are. You earn it, you spend it.”

“I was open for everything and so far it’s worked out.”

Lockdown has been the biggest challenge of Klopp’s career. People around Anfield speak with awe about the manager’s conduct on March 20, the day the Premier League suspended operations. “We knew it was coming,” a club source said. “There were meetings with all the departments in the morning and everyone was given a chance to give their input. The way he works is like a cabinet government with an unbelievably powerful prime minister. Klopp will take the ultimate decision but he takes other opinions on board.”

In the uncertain environment the squad went out to train as normal. “The news that the games were called off indefinitely was shouted down from the balcony. Klopp just nodded. He knew what had to be done.”

“He gathered all staff – everyone, not just the players – in the canteen and began to speak. It was unscripted, without notes. One of the first things he said was: ‘These are extraordinary times. Let’s not be selfish.’”

“Then he went through the mechanics of what was going to happen so everyone knew clearly what the situation was. He was sitting on the edge of a pool table and he said, ‘The first person who gets Covid is not the idiot,’ making it clear that everybody’s health was the most crucial issue.”

“He then reassured the team. He said, ‘Whatever happens, we have earned the right to be champions. If we do the right things we will have the opportunity to finish the season.’”

“Then he finished with the most

EXPERTISE

From page 23

important bit. He said, 'No one needs to be on their own. You can call me any time. If someone needs help, call me. There is no excuse for not doing it.'

That set the tone for football's hiatus but keeping the team focused and fit remotely has been difficult. "Thank god for technology," Klopp says. "Imagine what would have happened in the '80s. We'd really be on a lockdown then and using the phone in the living room of your mother would not be too cool to contact other people."

"We made the best of it. We had a really lively chat group. We had a lot of Zoom sessions."

Keeping the fitness levels up was a struggle. "The boys worked really hard," Klopp says. "Even I started running in the lockdown. I'm used to seeing young people doing sports, these guys are used to doing sports. It's your own impulse. You want to do something. So when they came back they were in incredible shape. But it's difficult."

Everyday interaction is the key to Klopp's approach. The game is as much mental as physical to the manager:

"I want to know how my players are pretty much every day," he says. "I watch training and I usually see smiles. If [a player] is angry I can go and ask, 'has something happened at home?'"

"I couldn't get this sort of contact. I missed that a lot. I'm pretty sure it was not that easy for the players either because they are used to this kind of care. We really care if they are 100% right or not. Because I can't expect 100% performance if you are only 70% alright on a private basis. If you know, you can adjust. If you don't know, you are just surprised. That's why lockdown was a proper challenge for all of us. The boys were disciplined. There were no real incidents during the lockdown with our boys because we are really focused and want to come back desperately."

For all his smiling demeanour, Klopp is a tough character. He is an extremely hard taskmaster. One player who was transferred from another Premier League club was certain he had made a mistake during his first three months at Anfield. He struggled with the intensity of training but also the mental demands that Klopp places on his players. The individual was certain he was close to breaking point when a realisation struck him: for the first time in his career he felt like an athlete. It was an epiphany and the player understood that the effort was worthwhile.

Squad members also know it is best to stay on the right side of their manager. He can be very quick to anger, though the people around him insist that he does not hold grudges once he calms down. Unless, of course, that rage is directed towards outsiders. "The idea of the 'enemy within' is anathema to him," an Anfield insider said. "His first instinct is to trust."

It bemuses Klopp a little how much he means to the supporters and people of Dortmund and Liverpool. "I have no idea how I connected with the cities because in my job it's really difficult to go into the cities," he says. "It's pretty much not possible. It's more from the people's side, I would say. It's not too complicated to connect with people. I do that constantly with players, with people working in the club."



FULL-BLOODED:
1 Jürgen Klopp, right, in action against Hamburg in 1999 during his playing career with Mainz

2 Celebrating a victory over Crystal Palace at Anfield in January as Liverpool edged closer to the Premier League title

Photos: Getty Images



"When I came to Liverpool and Dortmund I only tried to connect with the football team, to be 100% honest, and with the club. First with the players, then with the club. All the rest just happened."

Unlike some rival managers, Klopp does not want to be seen as special and believes this makes him easier to associate with. "I am a completely normal person," he says. "There is no reason to see me in a different way. I have the same needs as other people. I have the same wishes as other people and a lot of problems that are the same. As long as you see it like this it's easy to talk to people when you have time. That's my main issue. It's easy to connect with people. I never had a problem with that."

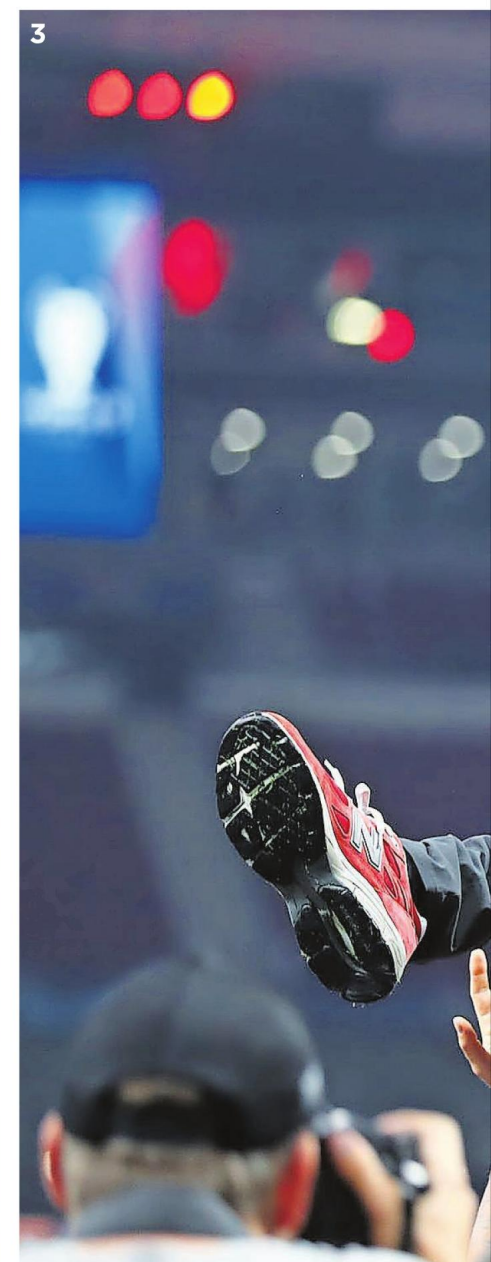
In one of his early press conferences at Anfield, Klopp arrived wearing a Beatles T-shirt. His detractors used this as evidence of a manipulative personality. Liverpool fans loved it but cynics doubted Klopp's sincerity. He laughs off the accusations and insists his homage to Merseyside's greatest band was not pandering to his audience. "The T-shirt was a present," he says. "I was not for one

second concerned or thought about what kind of message, or what would happen afterwards – will the people go mad, or whatever?"

"I thought it was funny: A Liverpool manager wearing a Beatles shirt. Nice. Go. I don't plan things like this. I got a T-shirt the night before, think it's nice, let's wear it, done. That's how it is. If you always think about the reaction of people, good or bad, you cannot do the things you have to do."

The same logic applies to football. "Most of the time I think about things but do not know exactly how they will be," he says. "The next game, the next line-up... we can make a line-up two days before the game and throw it away immediately because so many things happen before then. So that's my life. I don't know what outcomes will be. I have only an idea. And that's what I'm working with. I know nothing about the future but I have constantly to plan it."

"And that's [the same] with the T-shirt. If people like it, good. If not, it would not be a problem for me. I haven't worn it since then. I'm not 100% sure why but I think I have to wear stuff from our



partners and that day I didn't. So probably somebody told me I cannot do this again so I will not do it again, no problem. It's not a revolution. I just do what I think is right and most of the time it seems to be OK."

There is a much more to Klopp's methods than this ad-hoc attitude, however:

"People talk about the charisma and the anarchic perception but you can't be this again so I will not do it again, no problem. It's not a revolution. I just do what I think is right and most of the time it seems to be OK."

Unusually in managers, the fan in Klopp lurks just under the surface. He once said he would have been an ultra, a loyal fan, if he had not shaped a career in the game. As a youth he travelled to Stuttgart, the nearest club to Glatten, and stood on the terraces. "I would have been in the stands, 100%. I was, I was," he says with genuine enthusiasm.

"When I was 15, 16, 17, I went to the stadium to watch football. I didn't have the money to sit down. It was great. I don't think at 53 I would still try to stand

EXPERTISE



for 90 minutes so probably I would sit now but, yes, I would have been a supporter. I loved the game before I could play it.”

He struggles to understand people who are not entranced by football. Klopp was elevated to the managerial role in Mainz unexpectedly in 2001 when the club were in desperate straits. He saved them from relegation from Germany’s second tier and eventually took the team up into the top flight Bundesliga and earned European qualification. When he talks about the early days in charge in Mainz, the fondness is palpable but he appears to have enjoyed the off-the-pitch events most.

“When I was a player there were no supporters, only a couple of people who didn’t know what to do on a Sunday afternoon so they went to watch a bad football game,” he says.

“When I’d been manager for nearly a year we had a game where if we won we would be top of the table for the first time in ages and there were only 6,000 people there.”

Klopp could not comprehend the lack of interest. “I went in the newspaper and

said I had no idea what the people were doing at home. I don’t understand it. What is more important than watching this football team at this moment? If it’s not burning down at home, if it’s not a proper emergency, you have to come and see. I went to the university and spoke to thousands of students. I said, ‘where were you last Sunday? Tell me. What are you doing next Sunday?’ We had nothing and had to try and do everything to make us kind of sexy.

“We had no money, nothing. We created each job in football by ourselves. We found somebody who looked like he could do the job – you look smart enough to do it so you are the new press officer, you are the new marketing director. That’s how we built that club. That was amazing. That creates special memories. We started winning all of a sudden. No one expected that. From that moment the city was flying. We went from nobody in the stadium to you could not get a season ticket in one year. Someone had to die before you could get their season ticket. That was a nice story. I like it as well.”

Moving to bigger clubs meant that level of interaction would be possible again

but he relished the memory. He laughs out loud at the story of a Mainz taxi driver becoming emotional at the thought of Klopp’s time in charge. “Klopp gave me the happiest days of my life,” the cabbie said.

The same sentiment was echoed across the Liverpool fanbase when the team finally won the Premier League. They will build a monument to Klopp outside Anfield one day. He dismisses the idea.

“When I die, I’m not interested in whether people still talk about me,” he says. “I don’t want a statue. But if you spend time together with people or time within a club – at Mainz 18 years, at Dortmund seven and Liverpool going on five – if you don’t have a relationship with a lot of people during that time it would be a really sad story. Saying goodbye is not nice. It must hurt because then you see the time you spent together was really valuable. It really gave both sides something. As long as you are there, give whatever you have. Don’t hold anything back. You are 100% in this town, this club. If it was good, people will remember you. You don’t have to tell them ‘don’t forget’.”

This has been an unforgettable year on Merseyside. Why have Liverpool been so superior this season?

“We only face super teams,” Klopp says. “They are all brilliant. We are better than some of them, but certainly not all of them. How can you make the difference if each team is perfectly prepared? They all have good coaches. Football is not rocket science. You cannot reinvent the game every day. They are well prepared and physically fit. There must be a reason why you win.”

The answer, for Klopp, lies in collective effort. “The closer you are together, the more you [work] for each other. The more you love to suffer for each other, to sacrifice for each other, the better you will be. That’s common sense.

“Everybody needs to feel responsible and important. For this you need super characters. Normal characters become super characters because we are all like this. We want to have help until we decide to make our own decisions. But most of the time we have questions and it is nice if someone can tell us, yes, this is the right decision.

“But of course there’s a moment when you think ‘I’ve heard enough, I’ll do it by myself.’

“You only create this freedom [for players to] make decisions by giving advice and information in the right situation. That’s not football, that’s life. It’s about togetherness. It’s about everything. It’s actually our daily life.”

Some have filled the gap left by football’s absence these past three months to suggest the record books should be marked by an asterisk if Liverpool get the title in an interrupted season. The scope of the team’s achievement has been underestimated, Klopp believes.

“This is the most difficult year to become champions,” he says. “If it needs an asterisk it’s not because it’s tainted but because it’s so special. From my point of view it will be most special because it has been the most extraordinary year I’ve had in my life. From a success point of view of course but from a crisis point of view as well. We never had a situation like this. To deal with the situation and still become champions? That’s massive, 100% massive.”

The Liverpool manager is not concerned about whether critics want to talk down his team’s feats. In the end, Klopp boils down his philosophy to two simple sentences that apply to football and life in general.

“How do you treat others? If you treat them like you want to be treated you should be fine if you are not a complete idiot.”

The man at the apex of the People’s Game cares. Not about the frumpieries of fame but about people. No wonder the people love him.

CONNECTED:
3 Jürgen Klopp is thrown in the air as Liverpool players celebrate 2019 UEFA Champions League final glory against Tottenham in Madrid

Photo: Getty Images

This article was originally published by Tortoise. Tortoise is committed to open, inclusive journalism and helping its members make sense of the world around them. Try it today. Download the Tortoise app and you can get your first 30 days for free

Tortoise.

EXPERTISE

As foreign secretary Ernest Bevin helped shape the post-war world, keeping communism at bay and creating a western alliance against it. Yet, as **ANDREW ADONIS** shows – in extracts from his new biography – his career also had its failures, while his anti-Semitism poisoned his politics



STOPPING STALIN

Ernest Bevin stood up to Stalin sooner and more effectively than any other post-war western leader. Better even than Winston Churchill and far better than Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. He was decisive, maybe indispensable, in keeping Joseph Stalin out of western Europe, and in the process he led the creation of the Federal Republic of Germany, NATO and the transatlantic alliance that continues to this day.

The policy of 'containment' – seeking to contain Soviet Russia, rather than appease it – was Bevin's unwavering policy from his first day as foreign secretary, July 27, 1945, until his last, March 9, 1951 – the six years which made modern Europe.

He was successful because of his adroit exertion of Britain's continuing world power and the decision of the United States to adopt the same policy from 1947 rather than continuing to seek an accommodation with Stalin. This US policy change was nurtured and then exploited to the full by Bevin.

Containment is usually credited to George Kennan, American deputy ambassador to Moscow, in his 'long telegram' of February 22, 1946. But containment was Bevin's strategy from July 1945, and it was another crucial year after the February 1946 long telegram before containment was fully embraced by the Truman administration.

Until then, particularly on the future of Germany, the United States triangulated between Britain and Soviet Russia. But for Bevin, Stalin might have been long past containment by the time the United States became converted to it.

And but for him, the consequence might have been a Soviet-dominated Germany, that is West Germany as well as East, destroying political freedom and the whole balance of power across western Europe.

Bevin had the measure of communism and Stalinism long before he became foreign secretary. From his earliest days as leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union in the 1920s, he grasped communism as an existential threat to the labour movement and democratic politics.

He sought to root communism out of the British labour movement at every turn. After Hitler's rise to power in 1933, he saw communism and fascism as equal threats. He never made the mistake of thinking that Hitlerite fascism was worse than Stalinist communism. As totalitarian ideologies with criminal, murderous thugs as leaders, they were the same.

This was in sharp contrast to Roosevelt, Truman and James Byrnes, Truman's disastrous secretary of state for Bevin's first two years at the Foreign Office.

Roosevelt regarded Stalin in 1945 not

just as an ally but as a comrade. Even Churchill was not immune to the Soviet monster's charms and Bevin was privately critical of him on this score at the end of the war: "Stalin I'm sure means well to the world and Poland," Churchill told the war cabinet after the Yalta conference in February 1945.

Five months later, foreign secretary Anthony Eden thought Churchill's opening performance at the Potsdam conference was appalling: "He is again under Stalin's spell. He kept repeating 'I like that man' and I am full of admiration of Stalin's handling of him."

It was the same with Truman. "I can deal with Stalin. He is honest – but smart as hell," Truman noted in his diary after meeting him for the first time at Potsdam. Bevin never made the mistake of thinking that deals could be done in Moscow.

The 1945 general election result was not declared until July 26, when Clement Attlee replaced Churchill and Bevin became foreign secretary. By the time the new Labour ministers arrived at Potsdam on the 28th, it was too late to affect the big decisions. But this didn't stop Bevin putting down markers. "I'm not going to have Britain barged about," he said to General 'Pug' Ismay on landing in Berlin. When the next plenary started at 10.30pm, Bevin repeatedly and aggressively questioned Stalin's remarks. Attlee nodded throughout but left the talking to his foreign secretary, demonstrating his adage: "If you had a good dog like Ernest Bevin, there was no point barking yourself." The following morning, July 29, Stalin developed a 'cold' that resulted in a two-day suspension of plenary sessions.

It was an anti-Bevin chill to avoid having to deal with the truculent foreign secretary while trying to work out compromises with the more accommodating Americans.

Germany was the main battleground on which Bevin fought Stalin for the whole six years of his foreign secretaryship. The Federal Republic of Germany was essentially Bevin's creation. From this distance it all seems inevitable, yet it was anything but. It resulted from an intense six-year struggle for power which Bevin won and Stalin lost, and at every stage it was incredibly close-run.

From the outset Bevin's strategy was to keep Stalin completely out of West Germany and West Berlin, despite the Potsdam Declaration which stated the opposite. He also sought to contain Stalin across the rest of Europe and the Middle East.

Obviously all this put him in conflict with Molotov. More problematically, it also put him on a collision course with Byrnes, Truman's Secretary of State.

"I know how to deal with the Russians, it's just like the US Senate," Byrnes breezily told his delegation on board the

THE MAN WHO STOOD UP TO STALIN.. AND THE STAINS ON HIS REPUTATION

MAN OF THE PEOPLE:

1 Then-minister of labour Ernest Bevin surrounded by cloth-capped workers, 1940

2 German children cheer an airlift of supplies during the blockade of Berlin, 1948

3 Rescuers search for survivors in the aftermath of Jerusalem's King David Hotel bombing, 1946. A total of 91 people died in the terrorist attack against the British mandate government of Palestine

Photos: Getty Images



EXPERTISE

BEVIN'S HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

Ernest Bevin was the last of seven children born to a poor single mother in a village on Exmoor, Somerset in 1881. He became a farm labourer at the age of 11 before escaping to join his older brothers in Bristol two years later.

After a succession of odd jobs he became a drayman delivering mineral water across the city. This brought him into contact with the dockers at Avonmouth, and he formed a Bristol carters' (drivers) branch of the dockers' union at the age of 29.

Within 12 years he had founded the Transport and General Workers' Union, which became the biggest union in the free world.

An extraordinary career at the top of the British state ensued. He served as minister of labour during the Second World War – overseeing the creation of the 'Bevin Boys', men conscripted to work in the mines – and, afterwards, foreign secretary. He resigned from that role in March 1951 due to his failing health, and died a month later.

nothing", Bevin countered that "the Soviet sphere extended from Lübeck [on the German Baltic coast] to Port Arthur [on China's east coast]".

Bevin blocked any accommodation on Germany in Moscow. "Until recent months," he told the cabinet in May 1946, we have thought of the German problem solely in terms of Germany itself, our purpose having been to devise the best means of preventing the revival of a strong aggressive Germany. But it can no longer be regarded as our sole purpose, or indeed perhaps as our primary one. For the danger of Russia has become certainly as great as, or possibly even greater than, that of a revived Germany."

The breakthrough in Bevin's resistance to Stalin came when Byrnes was replaced by General George Marshall as secretary of state in January 1947. "The Soviet government were just fooling," Marshall told Bevin in April, after meeting Stalin. He was going to tell the president that he did not believe the Russians wanted agreement.

This was music to Bevin. The two men proceeded to merge the British and American zones in Germany to create what became West Germany in 1949, and between them they forged Marshall Aid which rescued the economies of western Europe from the communist threat.

The crucial struggle was over Berlin. On June 24, 1948, on the pretext that the introduction of the Deutschmark was undermining the unity of Berlin, Stalin blockaded the western zones of the city, which were deep inside the Soviet zone of East Germany and entirely surrounded by it. He also cut off the supply of electricity from East Berlin.

This was a bold play to expel both Britain and America from the city, and maybe stop the creation of a West German state.

Stalin's gamble was that Britain and the US would sooner abandon Berlin than undertake the almighty struggle and expense required to maintain their zones, risking another European war.

But Bevin and Marshall never flinched from the moment Russia closed West Berlin's surrounding land borders. They were adamant that the city had to be kept – and kept open to the west.

In a renewed D-Day spirit, British and American forces worked as one, sustaining a dramatic 11-month airlift of food, fuel and people.

It was heroism, risk and mission to match the greatest moments in history. Up to 7,000 tons of goods were flown into West Berlin every day for 323 days to supply the two million inhabitants.

Bevin and Attlee's key decision, to allow the US to station in Britain B-29

bombers that were capable of carrying atomic weapons, convinced Stalin of the British-American determination to stay in Berlin.

After weeks when the world held its breath, Stalin did not interfere with the airlift and did not escalate to war.

The siege of Berlin was lifted on May 12, 1949, the highpoint and vindication of Bevin's resistance to Stalin.

The blockade accelerated progress towards a permanent transatlantic military alliance. The North Atlantic Treaty setting up NATO, signed by Bevin in Washington on April 4, 1949, was a phenomenal negotiating achievement.

Bevin's goal throughout was to stop Stalin dominating Europe and undermining western democracy; for Germany itself he had no love. "I tries 'ard, Brian," he told General Brian Robertson, governor of the British zone, "but I 'ates them."

Throughout these six turbulent years, which focused so much on the future of Germany at the heart of post-war Europe, Bevin only went there once, apart from the Potsdam conference, and that was to Berlin to show solidarity with British troops in the struggle against Stalin during the blockade.

But Konrad Adenauer, the founding chancellor of West Germany, respected Bevin. When, again in 1950, Bevin intimated that he wanted to speak to the Ruhr miners, the chancellor responded with an invitation to address the Bundestag, the first foreign visitor to be accorded this honour. Bevin was by now too ill to accept.

As for Stalin, he outlived Bevin by just two years. And he kept out of western Europe. Bevin won; Stalin lost.

POLITICS OF PREJUDICE

"We will have to form a government at the centre of a great empire and Commonwealth of Nations," Bevin told the 1945 Labour Party conference. And he didn't intend to give it up.

By the end of the war he was an unreconstructed imperialist, which led to his greatest failures as foreign secretary: Israel/Palestine and the failure to engage with the initiation of the European Union.

Imperialism was at the heart of Bevin's policy on Palestine. As late as February 1947, when the partition of the region to create a Jewish state looked unavoidable, he was still warning the cabinet that this course would "contribute to the elimination of British influence from the



Queen Elizabeth travelling to the London summit of allied foreign ministers in September 1945. "You build a post office in their state, and they'll build a post office in our state."

Bevin was as 'prima-donnish' as Byrnes, but he had no illusions about happily building post offices with Stalin across Europe.

There was no agreement in London, so in November 1945 Byrnes instigated a pre-Christmas summit in Moscow, after liaising with Molotov but without even consulting Bevin.

He thought he would be able to rapidly broker comprehensive peace treaties, and that he could do this through personal chemistry with Stalin.

This explicit triangulation, in Moscow itself, astonished and alarmed Bevin, particularly when Byrnes told Stalin, in a conversation relayed to British diplomats, that he had intentionally blindsided Britain.

Bevin told Byrnes bluntly that Stalin's aim was to dominate Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic. He said the same to Stalin himself. When the dictator remarked that Britain and the US had "spheres of influence but the USSR had

EXPERTISE

From page 27

whole of the vast Moslem area lying between Greece and India. This would not only have strategic consequences it would also jeopardise the security of our interests in the increasingly important oil production of the Middle East”.

Why did Bevin get Israel/Palestine so wrong? In the first place, because, during the three key years 1945-48, he did not seek to move in step with the United States, which favoured a Jewish state. His central objective, rather, was to sustain British power.

Only with the Berlin blockade, starting in June 1948 – a month after Britain left Jerusalem – did he come to regard British power as inseparable from American foreign policy.

Bevin's view was that Britain could and should retain control in Palestine by forging an agreement on local self-government acceptable to its existing Jewish and Arab communities, while stopping further large-scale Jewish immigration, despite the legacy of the Holocaust and the position of Truman, who backed large-scale Jewish immigration into Palestine.

“If I don't get a settlement I'll eat my hat,” Bevin told Hugh Dalton in late 1945. But he didn't get a settlement and Bevin would accept neither the April 1946 recommendations of the Anglo-American commission in favour of 100,000 Jewish immigrants being allowed into Palestine, nor the UN vote for the partition of Palestine in November 1947.

Yet he had no viable alternative to either policy. All the while there was an escalating catalogue of violence, grief and diplomatic humiliation, including the lynching of British soldiers from lamp posts and the bombing, on July 22, 1946, of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, headquarters of the British administration in Palestine, which killed 91 people.

The question must be asked whether, in acting thus, Bevin was motivated partly by anti-Semitism?

“One of the great tragedies of the world has been the persecution of the Jews,” Bevin told the 1937 TUC conference. He had Jewish friends, he lived in Golders Green for a decade before the war and he did not manifest a personal dislike of individual Jews beyond his ability to take strongly against critics of any race and party and play the man as well as the ball.

However, neither Bevin nor Attlee showed much sympathy for the Jewish plight after 1945. “The Jews are a religion, not a race or a nation,” they both said repeatedly, and they sought to drastically curb post-war Jewish immigration to Palestine.

‘Illegal’ immigrants were interned in Cyprus. In the shocking SS Exodus incident of July 1947, they insisted on returning a Jewish refugee ship to France, where the passengers refused to disembark. They ended up in Hamburg, from where they were taken to a prisoner of war camp.

The images of the refugees behind barbed wire were reminiscent of the concentration camps and shocked international opinion.

Bevin was also into tropes about Jews and money. “It is a game of Shylock versus the people, with Shylock getting the pound of flesh every time,” Bevin told the 1931 TUC conference about the

financial crisis. He believed Jews did not do enough to integrate and had themselves partly to blame for anti-Semitism.

He wrote thus to the German-Jewish writer Emil Ludwig in 1938: “What does worry me, and a good many of my friends who have fought against the anti-Semitic feelings, is the difficulty that we have often been placed in due to what appears a lack of appreciation on the part of the Jew to appreciate the freedom in the country where he enjoys it. I am not referring to the ‘working Jew’ but chiefly to the ‘nouveau Riche’ or moneyed person, and even many of the cultural classes”.

In his 1946 Labour Party conference speech he said of American enthusiasm for Jewish immigration into Palestine: “I hope it will not be misunderstood in America if I say that this was proposed with the purest of motives: they do not want too many Jews in New York.”

Comments like these shocked Bevin's contemporaries, even those uttering casually anti-Semitic remarks that then abounded. In protest, New York's dockers refused to handle his luggage when he arrived there later in the year.

“I must make a note about Ernest's anti-Semitism,” wrote his junior Foreign Office minister Christopher Mayhew in his diary in May 1948. “There is no doubt in my mind that Ernest detests Jews... He says they taught Hitler the techniques of terror and were even now paralleling the Nazis in Palestine. They were preachers of violence and war. He says, ‘What could you expect when people are brought up from the cradle on the Old Testament.’”

There is a Churchillian coda. Israel/Palestine was one of Bevin's few foreign policy departures that Churchill attacked hard. When Bevin delayed recognising Israel in 1949, Churchill claimed in parliament that it was due to “a very strong and direct streak of bias and prejudice”. As protests started on the Labour side, he added: “I do not feel any great confidence that he has not got a prejudice against the Jews in Palestine,” pointing out that in May 1948 Bevin had rejected a Jewish state and predicted that the Arab League “would win if fighting broke out”. But, Churchill went on, Bevin was wrong: “Wrong in his facts, wrong in the mood, wrong in the method and wrong in the result, and we are very sorry about it for his sake and still more sorry about it for our own.”

EMPIRE OVER EUROPE

Bevin did not believe that British living standards could be maintained without an imperial hinterland, and secondly, he could see no other means of maintaining British security, apart from the alliance with the United States, but which he thought would be vulnerable to American caprice unless Britain could call on the power of its empire.

However, there was another post-war answer to Bevin's underlying question of how to sustain British prosperity and security: to seek to do so in partnership with the rest of western Europe, and to build up and unify its economies and democracies accordingly. This did not require clairvoyance: the immense industrial potential of West Germany, France, the Netherlands and Belgium were hardly secret, and Bevin's own policy on the Ruhr and the Rhine restored German economic power with all deliberate speed.



WAR EFFORT: Women munitions and war workers receive manicures at Bevin's Bar, a beauty counter named after the minister in Croydon, 1943

Photo: Getty Images

But he would not entertain a European economic and political strategy even when, at the end of his foreign secretaryship, it was presented by the Schuman Declaration of May 9, 1950. Why not?

Bevin's attitude to Europe was contradictory even as he forged West Germany and NATO. General Pug Ismay, Churchill's chief military adviser and first secretary-general of NATO, said the alliance's purpose was “to keep the Americans in, the Russians out, and the Germans down”. Bevin went partly along with this, even after creating the Federal Republic. He distrusted and disliked “the Germans”.

He never bonded with Adenauer or its other leaders, and among his final actions was a half-opposition to German rearmament. Yet, since it was also his fundamental policy to build an economically and politically strong West Germany, which on past form would inevitably soon become a powerhouse, there had to be a comprehensive policy of engagement with the new state once he had created it. His policy after 1949 of treating West Germany as essentially still a colony was obviously unviable and self-defeating.

Bevin rejected the Schuman Declaration without giving it any serious consideration. Bevin, Attlee and the entire Labour high command of 1950-51 chose to see the European Coal and Steel Community (ECSC) which grew from the declaration, as a threat to coal and steel nationalisation in Britain. This is what Herbert Morrison meant in his celebrated response – “the Durham miners won't wear it” – when he was tracked down to the Ivy restaurant to give the government's immediate response (Bevin was in hospital).

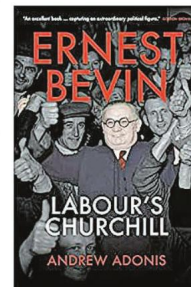
Bevin's opposition was also

geo-political. He knew that the Schuman plan came in 1950, and not before, because it was the French Plan B. Plan A had been a far weaker West Germany with the industrial Ruhr and Saar, adjoining France, either under French or separate international control. George Bidault, French PM from 1949 to 1950, and Robert Schuman, his foreign minister, had even been willing to trade Soviet influence in West Germany to achieve Plan A, until Bevin stopped this.

The fundamental point was that Bevin did not regard Schuman as serious, or if he was, he did not think that his plan would come to anything. He thought it was a ploy, not a plan. The fact that Schuman did not inform Bevin of it before it was launched, still less seek to discuss it, and that he told the Americans before the Englishman, reinforced in Bevin's congenitally suspicious mind the idea that it was just a French diplomatic feint, and he was pretty contemptuous of French politicians anyway. Meanwhile the empire, and Commonwealth, was the here and now.

The irony is, it was Bevin who made today's European Union possible, doing more to lay its foundations in West Germany, NATO and a free western Europe than either Schuman or Jean Monnet, that other architect of the declaration and the ECSC.

Order your copy of *Ernest Bevin: Labour's Churchill*, by Andrew Adonis, for £20 from www.bitebackpublishing.com



Tortoise[®]



Join us at one of our digital ThinkIns

Right now, it's more important than ever to stay connected. Our daily digital ThinkIns have brought thousands of members closer together and their voices have shaped our reporting. ThinkIns are open to Tortoise members and their guests, take a 30 day free trial to join in the conversation.

THURSDAY 2 JULY

In conversation with David Lammy MP

FRIDAY 3 JULY

Sensemaker Live: has Jack Dorsey made social media liable for truth online?

MONDAY 6 JULY

In conversation with Greg James

TUESDAY 7 JULY

In conversation with Lemn Sissay

WEDNESDAY 8 JULY

Will LGBT+ inequality always be an LGBT+ problem to solve?

WEDNESDAY 8 JULY

Rules, rights and responsibilities: who will keep us safe at work?

MONDAY 13 JULY

BLM-UK: What happened to Shukri Abdi?

TUESDAY 14 JULY

Silenced in China: who has Xi Jinping disappeared and why?

WEDNESDAY 15 JULY

Who is Q?: who's driving far-right conspiracy movement, QAnon?

To sign up for any of these, take a free trial at tortoisemedia.com/thinkins
You can cancel at any time.

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

the biggest Internet portal,
providing you various content:
brand new books, trending movies,
fresh magazines, hot games,
recent software, latest music releases.

Unlimited satisfaction one low price

Cheap constant access to piping hot media

Protect your downloadings from Big brother

Safer, than torrent-trackers

18 years of seamless operation and our users' satisfaction

All languages

Brand new content

One site

AVXLIVE:ICU

AvaxHome - Your End Place

We have everything for all of your needs. Just open <https://avxlive.icu>

EXPERTISE

Mitch Benn

Comedian,
Musician,
Writer

I have a small confession to make. In fact it might not even be that small; I can't really tell. Certainly I'm nervous as I type this but here goes: I'm really dreading lockdown ending.

I'm aware that I speak from a position of unusual privilege when I say this: I have, entirely through good fortune rather than any great foresight or wisdom on my part, adapted to this temporary reality rather well.

The fact that I'd been spending the last few years building up my online comedy output to the point that I've managed to keep things together in the sudden complete absence of any live work is, like I say, just down to sheer dumb luck rather than precognition. I know I'm doing better than I had any right to expect and I understand entirely why so many of my colleagues – indeed why so many people in general – are desperate to get back in the game.

I wish I shared their enthusiasm – let's face it, one way or another this lockdown is going to end, it's inevitable – but just at the moment, I really don't.

A few weeks ago I, like everyone else at this fine newspaper, pondered what sort of 'normal' we will, or should, go back to once the siege is lifted. Since then, in addition to considering this question on a sociological and economic level I've been asking it of myself on a personal level. Given just how little I appear to be truly missing about my pre-lockdown existence, how much of it should I re-embrace once it's over?

Again, I'm speaking from a position of unearned privilege: I know so many people are going nuts for the want of any sort of social interaction and I have nothing but sympathy for them, but for my part I'm dreading the return of social interaction because frankly, I suck at it. Social interaction is primarily a source of stress and fear for me and I haven't missed it at all.

The absence of social interaction – and moreover, the lack of pressure to engage in it – has been a blessed relief and I'm not sure how I'm going to cope when I'm suddenly required to start going places and talking to people again.

I'm not sure if three months and change is long enough to become 'institutionalised' in your own flat but I'm starting to worry that I'm going to end up like one of those ex-prisoners who can't adjust to life outside after release.

How much elective self-isolation am I likely to be able to get away with before I'm judged as a hermit or misanthrope?

I've missed seeing my mum; that's about it. No offence to all my other friends and relatives; I love you all and I hope you're all well and safe but you've been getting along fine without me.

I'm not even sure whether I'm yet allowed to head up to Liverpool and visit her yet; I know the rules are changing and there are 'bubbles' now, but the communiqués from government are so garbled I'm not sure which changes do and don't apply in my own case.

Which brings me to the other, more



THIS ISN'T OVER JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T TRENDING ANY MORE

universally applicable reason I'm dreading the end of lockdown: I fear they are going to screw it up.

It is hard to have great confidence in the relaxation of this rule, the abolition of that rule, the re-openings of various establishments and venues, when you consider the government's record on tackling the coronavirus thus far.

As I said a couple of weeks ago, the priority for ministers often seems to be winning the news cycle for the next 24 hours, to say and do whatever it takes to generate positive headlines in the loyal sections of the news media.

I understand the terrible consequences lockdown is having on some, but I still worry that we are coming out of it too fast and – crucially – too randomly, and that there will be a price to be paid down the line. Yet our current administration seems to regard 'down the line' as someone else's problem. The pubs are reopening! Print that, *Daily Express*!

NOT GOING AWAY: Soldiers operating a mobile coronavirus testing site in Leicester Photo: Getty Images

Hurrah for pubs! Because let's face it, once the pubs are open, lockdown is over and it will be very difficult to bring it back if there is a resurgence in the disease. And Covid-19 is still running rampant.

We're talking like it's all over but it's not even close to being over. Just because we're all sick of hearing about something, just because the novelty has worn off, just because it's no longer engaging the people's interest, doesn't mean it's 'over'. That might be how it works with, say, a boyband, or a TV show, or one of those toys that every kid wants obsessively for a few months then disappears completely (loom bands? Fidget spinners?), but not with a disease.

This isn't a fading media craze, it's a virus. It doesn't care whether it's still hip, or still being talked about, or whether or not it's in Leicester.

You can still catch a disease even when it's not trending any more.

Get more from your New European

PODCAST

Every Friday, Richard Porritt and Steve Anglesey analyse the latest events, talk to TNE writers and crown the Brexiteers of the week in a podcast that's both irreverent and informative

www.podfollow.com/TNE



FACEBOOK READERS' GROUP

Join thousands of readers of TNE in our Facebook group and join the debate and discussion about the latest political news.

Sign up at facebook.com/groups/theneweuropean



WEEKLY E-MAIL NEWSLETTER

Get our newsletter in your inbox every Thursday morning, with a preview of the week ahead and an essential round-up of politics and culture from around the continent.

Sign up at theneweuropean.co.uk



MORNING BRIEFING

Receive a morning update on Facebook messenger with all of the latest stories from our website and get breaking news alerts for the big stories.

Visit m.me/theneweuropean for details on how to sign up.





FREEDOM: Claude Monet's *The promenaders* (1865)
Photo: © National Gallery, Washington

THE NORMAN CONTEXT

RICHARD HOLLEDGE ON A SERIES OF EXHIBITIONS SPANNING NORMANDY HIGHLIGHTING THE CONSIDERABLE ROLE THE REGION PLAYED IN THE INFLUENCE OF IMPRESSIONISM



EUROFILE ART



Television gardener Alan Titchmarsh was at the forefront of the campaign to open garden centres during the lockdown. He argued they needed protection from the financial stress they faced as the potatoes and peonies, chrysanthemums and cabbages wilted away unsold but more, that gardens were a “vital source of solace and nutrition”.

The artist Claude Monet would understand that cry – a *cri de fleur* perhaps. From 1883 until his death in 1926 he dedicated much of his time and most of his passion creating his garden at Giverny, on the banks of the River Seine in Normandy. He declared it “my most beautiful masterpiece”.

The garden reopened to the public with the easing of *le confinement* on June 8 as part of an ambitious series of exhibitions entitled *Normandie Impressionniste*.

They had been scheduled to launch in April but now will be shown in galleries across the region in a series of staggered openings which will include 20 exhibitions on the Impressionists, 30

contemporary art shows as well as dance, digital art and street art.

The enterprise is more timely than the organisers could have imagined when they were planning it pre-Covid.

Fundamental to the Impressionist movement was painting outdoors, *en plein air*. Sitting in front of an easel, come rain or shine, helped give their work a naturalism which in turn reflected a sense of freedom and well being.

One cannot push the parallel too closely with the darkness of our 21st century plague but the idea of breaking free from Paris with its endemic sickness, its grime and noise, in favour of a peaceful countryside or an invigorating sea shore is not that far from the eagerness of ardent sun seekers escaping the lockdown to travel from cities to the sybaritic joys of Southend beach or piling into urban parks for a breath of fresh air and sun on the face.

The Impressionists were drawn by the languorous landscapes along the banks of the Seine, the storm-tossed clouds over the Channel and turbulent seas crashing against the daunting cliffs of Étretat.

MASTERPIECE:

1 Monet's garden at Giverny

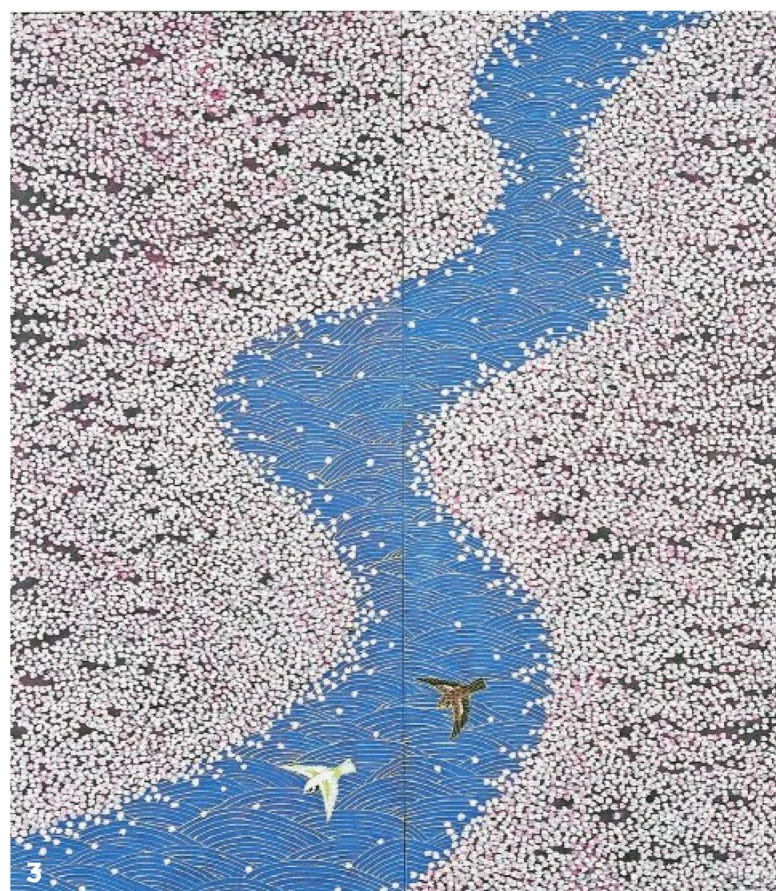
Photo: Fondation Claude Monet

2 Karl Daubigny, *Sailboats on the Estuary*

Photo: © Musée de Beaux Arts de Pau

3 Hiramatsu Reiji, *Monet's Pond, Spring Colours*, 2015

Photo: © Giverny Museum of Impressionism





INSPIRATION:
4 Camille Corot,
*Fishing boats
stranded in the
Channel* (c. 1848-
75)

Photo: © Musée
D'Orsay, Paris

5 Édouard
Dantan's *The
flats at Villerville,
Low Tide* (1881)

Photo: © Giverny
Museum of
Impressionism



They delighted in observing the promenade of the fashionable along the soothing beaches of Trouville and were intrigued by the fishermen and their families who looked on with a mix of bemusement, envy and, perhaps contempt, at the “senseless luxury”, as one commentator put it, displayed by their visitors.

The appeal of resorts such as Trouville – unlike Southend – was summed up in a guide to France in 1856 which enthused that the town “offers that deep silence that encourages the spirit to contemplation, that sole peace that acts on the heart and brings serenity to the soul”. The guide also warns that the “fury of construction” was a threat to that harmony. Again, without pushing the analogy too far, there have been many who in the past few months have much preferred a life without the bang and clatter of engineering works and building sites.

All this – the serenity and the senselessness – is set against the backdrop of clouds, billowing white or darkly storm-laden, the faint smudge of

sun and always, the sea, lapping gently or charging wildly to the shore in a fury of foam.

Few caught the relentless power of the sea more eloquently than Gustave Courbet in his series, *The Waves* in which there are no humans or boats in the frame to get a sense of scale.

“The sea! The sea! with its charms saddens me!” wrote the artist, who worked so close to the shore that the waves crashed against his studio window. “She makes me in her joy, the effect of the laughing tiger; in her sadness, she reminds me of the crocodile’s tears, and in her fury, the caged monster who cannot swallow me.”

And the painter Paul Cézanne enthused, after seeing one of Courbet’s works for the first time: “It is like a blow to the chest, we step back, the whole room smells of sea spray.”

One might assume that the pretensions of class and society would be ignored in the face of something as potent as the



EUROFILE ART



From page 33

roaring ocean and that the artists would be indifferent to the spectacle of Parisians on holiday but far from it.

Eugène Boudin won acclaim for a series on Trouville beach with its cavalcades of crinoline, umbrellas wielded against rain or sun, top hats, and daring types who ventured out of the bathing huts to dip a tentative toe in the foam.

In *Lady in White on the Beach at Trouville*, the lady in question is wearing a turned up skirt, revealing a red petticoat which allows more freedom of movement – the kind of liberation that would be frowned on in the formal strictures of Paris.

The hints and hopes of a flirtation are never far away. After all, Venus was born from the waves.

Claude Monet, hints at the “fury of construction” by including the grand houses and hotels that were springing up along the coast in his beach scenes, though *The Beach at Trouville*, shows two

women, the one on the left probably his wife Camille, and the other possibly the wife of Boudin in what is an intimate portrait of the simple pleasure of a day at the seaside.

As if to validate the spirit of *plein air* painting grains of sand are present in the paint at the bottom right, confirming that it must have been painted on the beach.

But it was by no means only the elegant crowd with their “absurdities and vices”, as an observer damned them, that the artists portrayed, but the people who actually lived and worked there.

Some of the artists considered them as a “race apart” as the novelist Gustave Flaubert described them when he wrote: “Nothing could be more barbarous than the women who rolled up their sleeves and helped out with the harvesting mussels, shellfish, shrimps as well as doing the house work and tending flocks of sheep on the cliff tops.”

The sophisticated Parisians were puzzled that the homes of the locals faced inland and not out to the horizon, failing to understand that the sea was not only

INTIMATE:

1 Claude Monet,
The Beach at Trouville (1870-71)

Photo: ©Musée
Marmotan Monet,
Paris

2 Ferdinand
Loyer du
Puigadeau,
*Wooden Horses,
or the Carousel
women in St-Pol-
de-Leon*

Photo: Private
collection

3 Eugène
de Poittevin,
*Fisherman at
Étretat* (1840-50)

Photo: © Musée de
Fécamp

where they made their living but was also a place of danger.

Monet painted the fishing boats pulled up on the beach at Étretat, John Singer Sargent the oysters gatherers in Cancale and Boudin men working on the beach at Deauville with their horses and cart, tiny figures on an deserted landscape and under a vaulting cloudy sky. Édouard Manet’s marvellously evocative *Claire de Lune* captures the tension of the huddle of women as they wait for their men to return from their fishing expedition, the sepulchral darkness of the quayside lit only by the moon.

In an exhibition at the Fécamp Museum devoted mostly to the lesser known Eugène Lepoittevin, we see the sheer *joie de vivre* of ordinary families in *Bathing at Étretat* with its diving lads and girls floating in the sea in voluminous costumes while his *Unloading the Fish at Étretat* shows us a hard working family – that “race apart” – doing what they have done for years until the holiday makers – and the artists – came on the scene.

There is none of this activity – whether

by barbarous locals or *soignée* Parisiennes – in the calming enclave of Monet’s masterpiece, his garden.

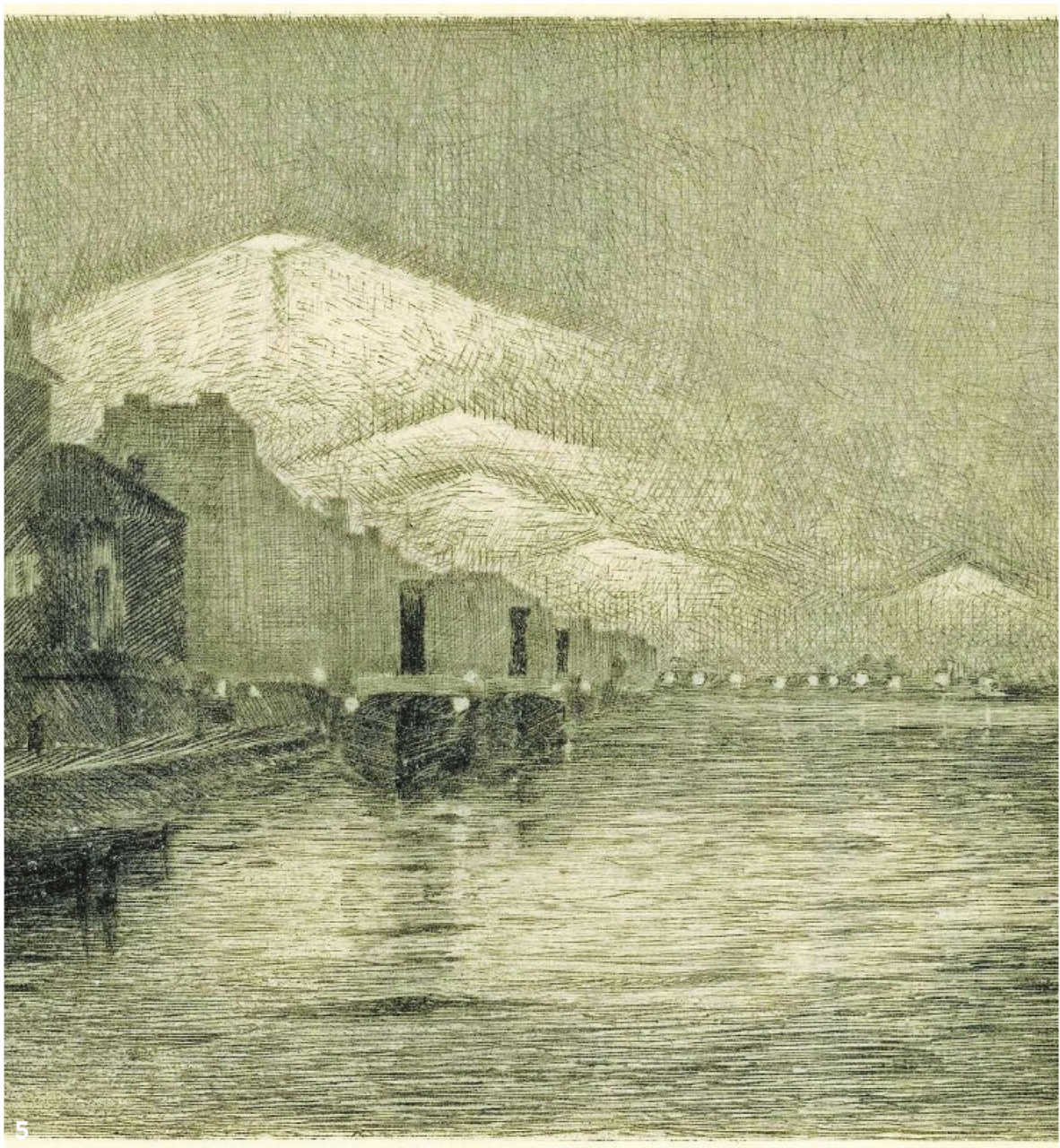
Again, there is an aside to made about our current predicament – perhaps a more pertinent one than the great outdoors as a mere escape.

Alan Titchmarsh also quoted scientific papers claiming that gardens have a therapeutic effect and the case of the explorer, Robin Hanbury-Tenison is a good example.

The 84-year-old caught the virus on a ski trip just as the lockdown was being mooted and was on a ventilator for five weeks. A turning point for him came when he was wheeled out of the ward and into a ‘secret garden’ in the hospital. Not much of a garden, apparently, just a raised flower bed with some pots but this limited exposure to the natural environment helped his recovery.

One of the hospital nurses explained: “Intensive care is a very hard place to be. You don’t have much control, you’re in an

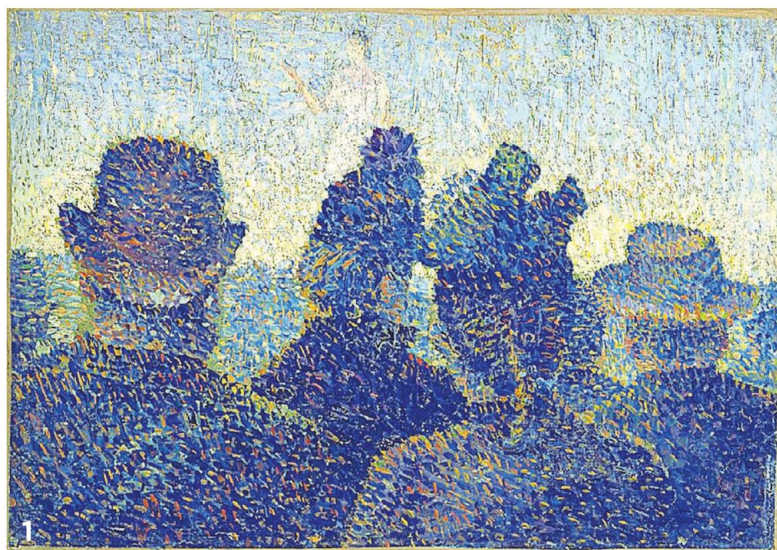
Turn to page 36



JOIE DE VIVRE:
4 Eugène
de Poittevin,
*Bathing in the Sea
at Étretat* (1866)
Photo: © Musée
de Beaux Artes
de Troyes

5 Gaston Prunier,
L'Avant-Port
(1892)

EUROFILE ART



RICHNESS:

1 Louis Hayet,
The Parade
(1888)

Photo: © Studio
Monique Bernaz,
Géneve

2 Gustave
Caillebotte,
*Flowerbed with
Daisies* (1893)

Photo: © Giverny
Museum of
Impressionism

3 Eugène
le Poittevin,
*Fishermen in the
rocks at the foot
of Étretat cliffs*
(1860)

Photo: © François
Dugué

From page 35

unfamiliar environment and drugs can affect your level of consciousness. The garden is part of the humanisation process. We take patients outside, even if they are ventilated, so they can feel fresh air. There's a power in the sunlight and fresh air and rain."

Monet would no doubt understand that. "I am following Nature without being able to grasp her," he wrote. "I perhaps owe having become a painter to flowers."

The garden is a diverting combination of iron arches on which climbing roses and wisteria flourish and alleys leading through flower beds in which poppies and daisies mingle with the rare varieties he spent much of his time seeking out.

Monet himself declared: "Colour is my daylong obsession, joy, and torment" and he married flowers to each other according to their colours and left them to grow freely with the result that the first visitors to Giverny since the virus struck would have been greeted by an

extravagance of irises, poppies, roses and hollyhocks.

And of course, the lily ponds. He had the first pond dug in 1893, much to the perturbation of his neighbours who feared his strange plants would poison the water and today it is a wonder of asymmetric corners and curves, influenced by the Japanese gardens that Monet knew from the prints he collected avidly.

He would get up early most mornings to catch the dawn light and every fleeting change in colour, shade and shape reflected in the lily ponds by the sky.

He said: "The richness I achieve comes from nature, the source of my inspiration."

■ *Normandie Impressioniste* has been organised across many venues, including the Giverny Museum, the Caen Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Modern Art in Le Havre (MuMa), Cherbourg's Thomas Henry Museum and the Musée des Beaux-Arts in Rouen.

Opening dates vary. For more information, visit normandie-impressioniste.fr/

ART EUROFILE



LANGEROUS:
4 Charles
Daubigny, *The
Beach at Dieppe*
(1875)

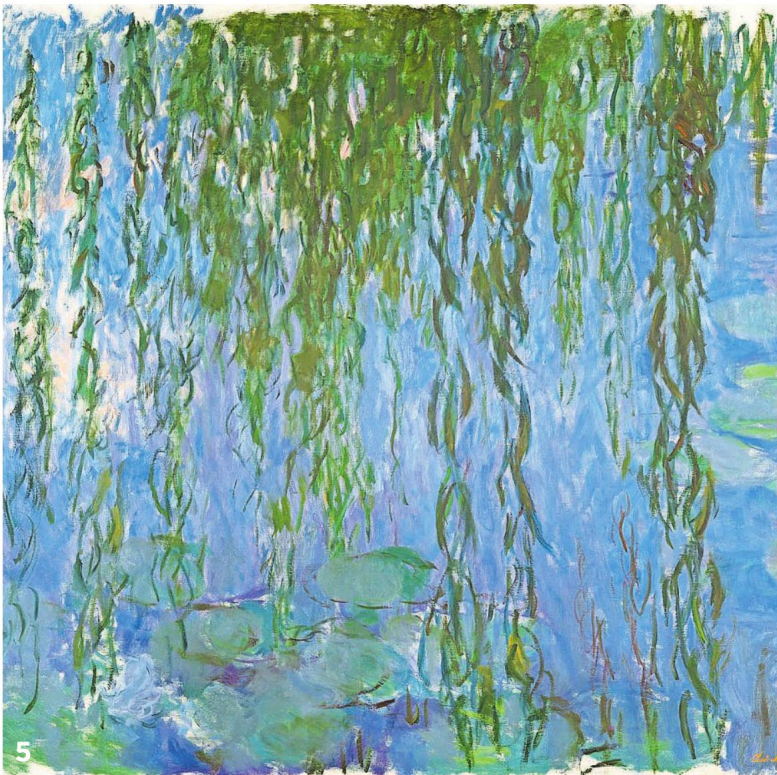
Photo: © Musée
Bertrand de la Ville
de Châteauroux

5 Claude Monet,
*Water lilies with
willow branch*
(1916-19)

Photo: © Lycée
Claude Monet

6 Louis Valtat,
*L'Omnibus Paris-
Bastille* (1895)

Photo: © Studio
Monique Bernaz,
Genève



EUROFILE FOOTBALL

Seventy years ago this week Joe Gaetjens scored one of the most memorable goals of the 20th century before later suffering a brutal fate.

WILL SIMPSON recounts the tragic story of a forgotten sporting hero



He was America's first football hero.

Before Megan Rapinoe, before Clint Dempsey, Brad Friedel or any of the US players who have graced the Premier League there was Joe Gaetjens, an unassuming Haitian whose goal created what still is, arguably, the greatest upset in World Cup history.

Seventy years ago this week Gaetjens' seemingly misdirected header beat England, the favourites for the 1950 World Cup, a team that in 78 years of international competition were still unbeaten at home by anyone outside the British Isles.

You would have thought such a feat would have warranted a ticker tape parade, a hero's reception on his return. Instead Gaetjens' feat caused barely a ripple. In his adopted land the result went almost completely unnoticed – only one US journalist was at the game.

Soccer in 1950 was a marginal sport, for migrants. Gaetjens himself was a recent arrival. He was born in Port-au-Prince in 1924 into what was, by Haitian standards, a comfortably middle class family – well, they lived in a two-storey house.

The Gaetjenses were a politically-engaged clan, except for Joe, whose world, from an early age, revolved around football. He had aspirations and like many ambitious Caribbeans looked northwards for a better life. His elder brother Gerard was already studying law in New York and so it was that in 1947 Joe joined him.

Life, as it often is for new migrants, was hard. In New York Gaetjens juggled college, a job in a restaurant washing dishes and football – he played for Brookhattan in the (amateur, of course) American Soccer League.

ULTIMATE UNDERDOG

With the World Cup in Brazil coming up his goals for Brookhattan caught the eyes of the selectors, and his team-mates. Apparently, US captain Walter Bahr, on seeing him at the national team trials, commented: "This guy Gaetjens makes some of the most uncanny goals you ever saw." It was a perceptive observation.

The fact that Gaetjens hadn't even sorted out his citizenship didn't seem to matter. Qualification for the US team at the time only required that a player 'declare an intent' to become a citizen. The centre forward signed the required forms and he was off to Brazil.

In 1950 the phrase 'there are no easy games in international football' hadn't begun to harden into cliché. The fact was that for a leading footballing power such as England they were still plentiful – coming into the tournament they had beaten current world champions Italy 4-0 and thumped Portugal 10-0.

In contrast the US had lost all seven of their last internationals, including defeats to Italy (7-1) and Northern Ireland (5-0) and a humiliating 11-0 loss to Norway.

Their line-up for the game in Belo Horizonte comprised just one professional player. The rest were a hodgepodge of carpenters, machinists, an interior decorator, a factory worker and of course, in Gaetjens, a dishwasher. It was widely assumed they would be cannon fodder, mere shooting practice for Finney, Matthews and co before the "kings of football" (as the Brazilian press called them) moved on to the business end of the tournament.

Even the US manager Bill Jeffrey had described his team as "sheep ready to be slaughtered" in the run up to the contest. He wasn't engaging in Fergie-style mind games.

LEGENDARY:

1 Joe Gaetjens, back row, centre, lines up with the United States squad before the 1950 World Cup finals. Gaetjens headed the goal that snatched a shock 1-0 win over England in Belo Horizonte, Brazil

2 England goalkeeper Bert Williams and team-mate Alf Ramsey, who 16 years would manage England to World Cup glory, in action during the defeat by the USA on June 29, 1950

Photos: Getty Images

It was by all accounts an extraordinary match. In the first half England pulverised the US goal, but it was one of those strange games in which nothing connected.

Shot after shot either went wide or was saved by the US goalkeeper Frank Borghi, who put in the performance of his life. Then in the 37th minute the US attacked. Bahr drove a shot in from the right and Gaetjens got his head to it.

He didn't make a true connection. But despite later reports (mostly in the English press) that it was a fluke deflection, those who knew Gaetjens suggest that this wasn't the case; that it was another of his 'uncanny' goals.

Bahr would later describe Gaetjens as "as acrobatic" as any forward he knew. "He would score impossible goals. If anyone else on our team had been in that position I would say most likely yes, it was an accident. But knowing Joe, it wasn't."

We'll never know. There's no television footage. There aren't even any photographs of the goal – the press had camped themselves down at the other end, expecting (not without reason) an avalanche of goals in the US net.

Try as they might, in the second half England just could not equalise. One photo of that day features Gaetjens being hoisted aloft by his victorious team-mates. He looks happy, if a little bemused; perhaps not able to quite take in the enormity of what he and his team had achieved.

Disbelief was a common reaction to the result. The *New York Times* initially refused to print the scoreline, assuming that the wire report was a hoax. Some English newspapers presumed the same and erroneously printed the score as 10-1 in England's favour. Others reported the scorer as 'Larry Gaetjens' where as the Associated Press recorded Ed Souza as having got the goal.

That goal should have been a springboard to a better life. But while Gaetjens did bag a move to Racing Club de Paris immediately after the tournament, any dreams of making it at one of France's then-top clubs were swiftly curtailed when he was injured after four games.

He then dropped down to third division Olympique Alès but by 1953 had returned to Haiti where he was given a hero's welcome at Port-au-Prince Airport with a banner proclaiming him "THE BEST PLAYER IN HAITI, THE USA and THE WHOLE WORLD". He represented the country of his birth in a World Cup qualifier for the 1954 tournament, before injury forced him to retire at the age of 30.

Gaetjens had settled into a role as a



FOOTBALL EUROFILE



coach and local celebrity when in 1957 life in Haiti took a turn for the worse. This was the year Francois 'Papa Doc' Duvalier won a dubious election victory.

Duvalier quickly snuffed out democracy in the country, forming the notorious Tontons Macoutes, a militia group that seized property, kidnapped and killed anyone they deemed to be an enemy of the regime. Their brutality became legendary and for the next 30 years Haiti, under Duvalier and after his death, his son Jean-Claude, aka 'Baby Doc', was a dictatorship with a population kept under a permanent state of terror.

Unfortunately for Gaetjens, his family had backed a rival candidate in the 1957 election. To make matters worse, after Duvalier made himself president for life in 1964 two of Joe's brothers were said to be among a group of insurgents involved in a guerrilla campaign against the regime.

The whole family were now in danger. Friends advised Joe to leave the island. But the avowedly non-political Gaetjens refused, possibly believing his national treasure status would be enough to inoculate him against any reprisal.

Then one day in July 1964 the Tonton Macoutes turned up at the Gaetjens' residence. Later, various stories abounded – that he had been shot, died in his cell of diarrhoea, even that Duvalier had stopped by the prison where he was held and killed him personally.

Whatever the truth, at just 40 America's first footballing hero would never be seen alive again. Nobody in his adoptive country knew and few would have cared anyway.

The sadness is that if he had applied for and had his US citizenship accepted Duvalier would surely not have seized him for fear of causing a diplomatic incident.

It wasn't until 1972 that his death was confirmed. By that time interest in soccer in the US had begun its initial period of growth. In the same year the centre forward was honoured in a benefit game between New York Cosmos and a team of local Haitians in the Yankee Stadium. In

STATE OF TERROR:

3 Francois 'Papa Doc' Duvalier is sworn in as president of Haiti in Port-au-Prince, 1957

Photo: Getty Images

1950 AND ALL THAT

This was England's World Cup debut, with the FA boycotting the previous three tournaments in a dispute with FIFA over payments to amateur players. The team had won their first match, beating Chile 2-0 and could have kept their hopes alive by beating Spain in their final group game. However, they went down 1-0 again. The US had lost their first game, going down 3-1 to Spain and were beaten 5-2 by Chile in their final game. The US would not qualify for another World Cup until 1990. The 1950 tournament was the only World Cup decided not by a final, but by a four-team final group, which Uruguay topped.

1976 he was posthumously inducted into the US Soccer Hall of Fame.

In the years since, interest in Gaetjens has grown. In 1996 Geoffrey Douglas's book *The Game of Their Lives* was published, which detailed the USA's shock victory and 1950 World Cup campaign.

This later got made into a 2005 film, which embellished the legend to the point of containing a number of wild inaccuracies (including depicting Gaetjens as practicing voodoo when in fact he was a devout Catholic). These days if the US are represented at a major tournament you're likely at some point to stumble across a Gaetjens replica shirt and, perhaps inevitably, sales of them spiked before the 2010 World Cup when the US played England in their opening game. (On this occasion, they drew 1-1.)

Football is now an established sport in the US and in the women's game they are undisputed world leaders. But Joe Gaetjens' story remains a tragic one, a man who was at the right place at the right time to make history, but whose moment of glory and death both came too soon.

EUROFILE MUSIC

Kathmandu

A CITY IN MUSIC

Once a stop-off on the hippy trail, the Nepalese capital has a distinct musical culture – complete with its own version of hip hop – which must carefully navigate the country's sensitive politics. **SOPHIA DEBOICK** reports



Kathmandu is the gateway to Everest and to dreams. Here, the final outpost of urbanity before the 13,000 feet ascent to Everest base camp, is where Edmund Hillary first met Tenzing Norgay before their 1953 summit of the mountain, and it is the point from where thousands have departed to follow them since, fostering the same dreams of adventure and glory.

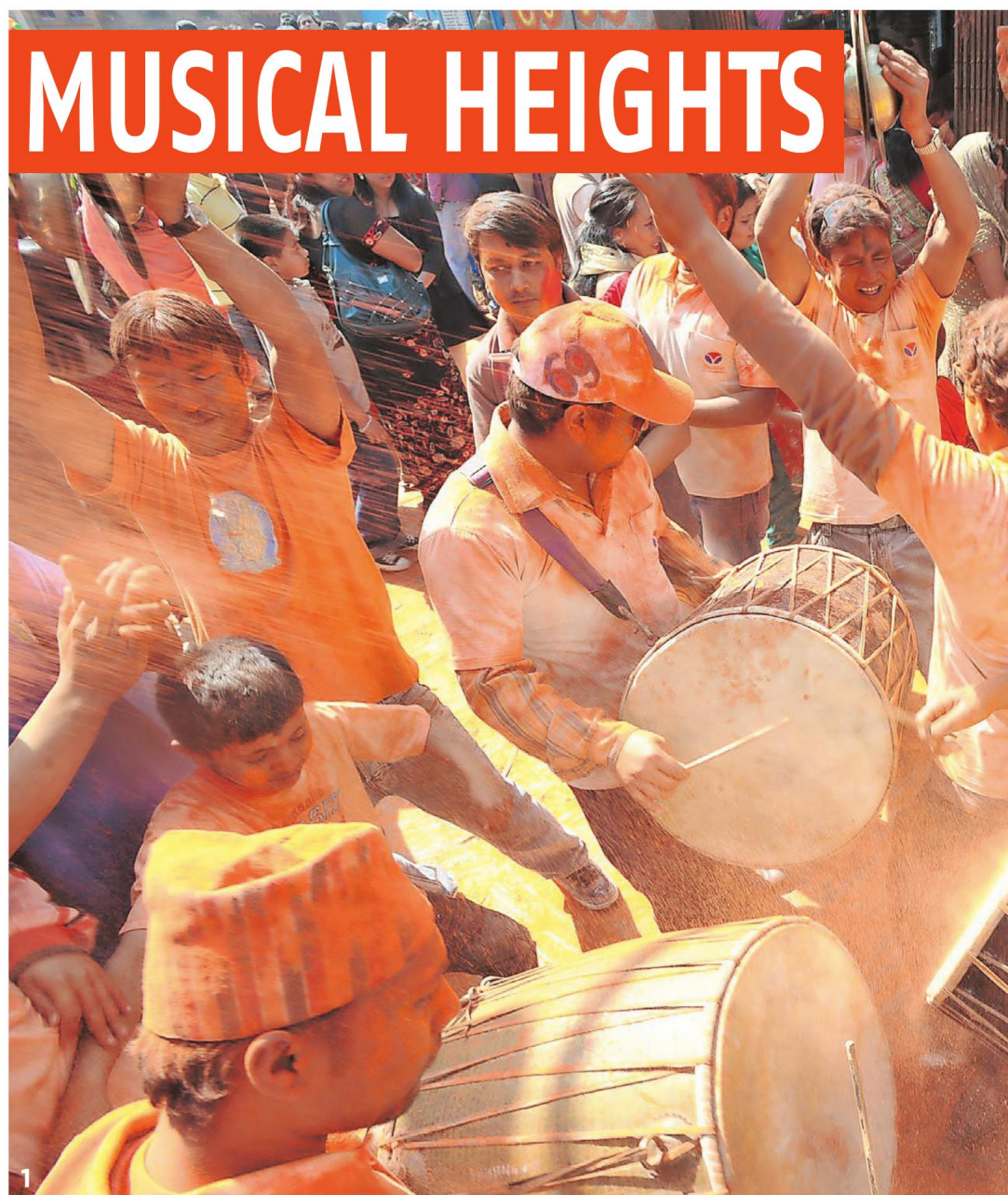
The climbers who flow through Kathmandu also rub shoulders with those looking for spiritual enlightenment in a place sacred to both Hindus and Buddhists, and the city has a long countercultural pedigree – one of the final destinations on the many-branched hippie trail, the city was a must-see for George Harrison when he ventured East to study at the ashram of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

But despite being a byword for the transcendent, teeming Kathmandu is a city mired in the problems of many of the world's great metropolises – poverty, crime and gridlocked traffic with its attendant smog. Lockdown has eased the traffic and cleared the skies meaning that Everest, more than 100 miles away, can once again be glimpsed from the city itself, and it has also cleared streets once choked with tourists, although this has also meant cutting off the city's economic lifeblood.

Usually the labyrinthine alleyways of the Thamel district of the sprawling city are thronged with post-adolescent backpackers and post-retirement world tourers. The temples and palaces of the UNESCO site Durbar Square are a main attraction, and at the major Hindu and Buddhist holy sites on the outskirts of the city the centrality of music to Nepalese culture becomes clear.

The Pashupatinath temple complex, dating back to the 5th century and dedicated to the Hindu god Shiva, lies on the banks of the Bagmati River, two miles east of the city, and is the holiest site in the Kathmandu Valley for the majority Hindu population. Music plays a key part in devotion here, from the *bhajans* and *bhakti* (devotional songs), to celebratory festivals like Holi – after all, Lord Krishna himself played the flute.

At Pashupatinath the Kirateshwar Sangeet music school puts on performances of traditional music at each full moon. The Buddhist population of the city, making up less than 10%, centres on the Boudhanath *stupa* (dome-like buildings, containing relics) on the outskirts of the city, which rings with the chant of the city's Tibetan émigrés. The music of



MUSICAL DEVOTION:
1 Revellers at Nepal's Bisket Jatra Festival in Kathmandu, 2012

2 'Singing Nun' Ani Choying Dolma

Photos: Getty Images



the Newar peoples of the Kathmandu Valley brings together both Hindu and Buddhist influences, and their traditional *Dapha* music follows a cycle of songs for different seasons, festivals and times of day.

One Kathmandu-born artist has taken religious music and made it a secular sensation. Ani Choying Drolma, dubbed 'The Singing Nun', fled her traumatic childhood as a teenager and became a Buddhist nun at the Nagi Gompa monastery, less than 10 miles to the north of the capital, on the edge of the Shivapuri Nagarjun National Park. There she learnt Tibetan chant, her teachers recognising her rare gift for this meditative practice.

In 1993 an American musician, Steve Tibbetts, visited the monastery and, struck by the then 22-year-old nun's ethereal vocals, recorded her and sent the tapes to producer Joe Boyd, known for his work with such prog and folk acts as Pink Floyd and Fairport Convention.

The album *Chö* (1997) was the result, and the nun

toured around the world with Tibbetts. She has released some 13 albums since, her meditative vocals variously backed by traditional singing bowls or synthesisers.

Ani Choying Drolma's activities have not been without controversy. Buddhist nuns, and Nepalese women in general, have rarely been socially visible, and a woman who tours internationally, listens to western music (Bonnie Raitt is her particular favourite), drives her own car, and advocates for girls' education in a still oppressively patriarchal society (she founded the Arya Tara school for girls, near the Boudhanath temple, in 2000), was always going to raise eyebrows in conservative Nepal. As an irritant to traditional values, Ani Choying Drolma has some unlikely bedfellows.

Nepalese hip hop first emerged in the late 1990s and early 2000s, when the term 'Nep hop' started to be used. The birth of the genre was against the highly-charged background of the Maoist insurgency and the Nepalese Civil War, and while Nep hop is informed by its US forefathers in sound and attitude, it has often



NOW LISTEN TO THE MUSIC...

Find the accompanying playlist on Spotify. Just search

NEW EUROPEAN: KATHMANDU

Featuring:

Chhita Nirantar
Koili Devi

Neomin Choying
Ani Choying Drolma

La La La La
Bluesss

Sannani
Kutumba



HIGHWAY TO THE HIMALAYAS

In the 1970s, the road to Kathmandu was a symbolic device for many western acts. In Janis Joplin's *Cry Baby* (1971) an endlessly straying man is chided "Honey, the road'll even end in Kathmandu", while in Rush's *A Passage to Bangkok* (1976), the city was synonymous with drugs ("Pulling into Kathmandu/ Smoke rings fill the air"). Cat Stevens' *Katmandu* (1970), a typically folksy affair of flute and acoustic guitar, alluded to the city's grounding aura ("Katmandu I'll soon be touching you/ And your strange bewildering time/ Will hold me down"). In stark contrast was Bob Seger's 1975 honky tonk stonker where going to the city was a metaphor for blowing everything off.

Nephop' Lil Buddha, are all part of the current Kathmandu scene.

Uniq Poet and Lil Buddha have actively courted controversy, the latter with his energetically lewd lyrics, and the former with lines like "We even got a Hindu god who smokes and chills" (a reference to Shiva, believed to have smoked marijuana as an aid to meditation), and in Nepal lyrical daring is no minor issue.

In recent years, the ruling Nepal Communist Party has sought to curb freedom of speech through new social media laws. Arrests of journalists have become common and now musicians too are in the firing line.

Last year, pop-dance singer Durgesh Thapa was arrested after his song *Don Aayo*, a commercial tie-in with the Kathmandu-based brewery Arna with its refrain "Happy Tihar, Chiso Beer", was accused of encouraging drug and alcohol use during the Hindu festival of Tihar, during which the *bhailo* and *deusi* traditional songs are sung.

Local police claimed "There has been the trend of organising the traditional *deusi-bhailo* programme in a vulgar manner, which has led to the degradation of our religious values", and the same week rapper Samir Ghising, aka VTEN, was arrested for "antisocial, vulgar and derogatory language, and spreading the wrong message in society". Artists have been forced to expunge their videos from the internet.

Music can divide, but it can also unite, and when the devastating earthquake of 2015 hit Nepal, killing almost 9,000 and threatening Kathmandu's ancient architectural treasures, artists across genres responded in force.

Raju Lama of traditional folk band Mongolian Heart got involved in fundraising efforts while Uniq Poet released the song *Kina? (Why?)* about the tragedy. And it seems that whether Kathmandu bands look to native folk music, as Kutumba and Night do, or the western sounds of grunge, metal and classic rock, like 1974AD, Albatross, and Robin and the New Revolution, a sense of rootedness in, and concern for, the country they come from remains. As Uniq Poet puts it in *Straight Outta Kathmandu*: "Gimme the mic, and I'm ready to rap/ Put my nation on the map with a pen and a pad."

focussed on the urgent political and social problems specific to Nepal in its lyrics, challenging the status quo. Nephop's poster boy is recent years was Yama Buddha, who was raised in Kathmandu and ran the seminal Raw Barz rap battle events there.

He moved to London and was supporting his dreams of international success through the unlikely means of working for the Royal Mail in Ruislip before his death by suicide in 2017, aged just 29. But his legacy goes on, having sparked a new wave of Nephop.

Nephop's rising stars are ambitious self-starters who make canny use of technology in the absence of a substantial Nepalese music industry.

Twenty somethings Blues, a rapper, singer and producer whose 2019 album *Blue Up High* brought together many of the new faces of Nephop, Uniq Poet, whose video for the single *Straight Outta Kathmandu* (2019) used the colourful street art of the city as a backdrop and racked up a million YouTube views in a matter of days after its release, and self-proclaimed 'King of

STAR TURNS BY TIM WALKER



ACTRESS WHO GAVE ME A JOLT ON BREXIT

Sarah Miles and I should really be friends. We established a great rapport four years ago when I journeyed to her 11th century manor house in the Sussex countryside. Interviewing film stars is normally a formal and sterile business these days, with a publicist involved and seldom much more than an hour made available. The actress best known for *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines*, *The Servant* and *Hope and Glory* ended up giving me an entire day, even making an impromptu lunch, challenging me to a game of table tennis (which I ungallantly won), and then, in the afternoon, taking me on a leisurely stroll.

We'd first met in the late 1980s when she'd been appearing in a play at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, west London, when I remember her being an anxious and distracted interviewee. It was perhaps not surprising as she was at the time caring for her husband Robert Bolt – the playwright who wrote *A Man for All Seasons* – who had been left paralysed by a stroke in 1979.

The Sarah I caught up with again – 21 years after Bolt had died and she'd had him buried beneath the croquet law – seemed more relaxed and mellow. She was open to people and ideas and asked me even more questions than I asked her. She was into star signs and was happy that I was a Cancerian.

Our meeting had followed a lengthy exchange of emails in which she mainly wanted to establish that I wouldn't raise the issue of her drinking her own urine, which is a matter that featured heavily in the press cuttings about her. For the record, it's true, she does, but she swears that it has health benefits.

She was a fount, too, of showbiz gossip. Her late husband had also written the screenplay to *Ryan's Daughter* and she said he was appalled when John Mills had arrived on the set with his hair cut brutally short and his face distorted by fearsome false teeth and padding. His performance as a mute village idiot ended up winning him an Oscar, but his characterisation wasn't what Bolt had had in mind at all and it was generally agreed among his fellow actors he had been showing off terribly.

Sarah talked, too, of the film's languidly handsome star Christopher Jones, who she recalled encountering by chance in Los Angeles not long before his death in 2014. He had succumbed to various addictions, looked like a long-haired old tramp, and, after following her around, exposed himself to her in a lift.

We touched, too, on her relationship with Laurence Olivier, a complicated man who seemed to her to be jealous of Ralph Richardson because he could communicate an innocence in his acting that he felt he'd lost. She'd loved, too, Steven Spielberg and Robert Mitchum and we'd discussed their insecurities, and Trevor Howard's epic drinking sessions during the making of *White Mischief*.

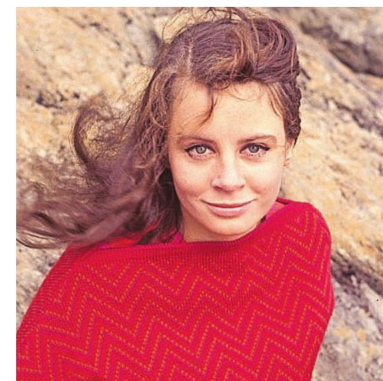
It was late into the afternoon when politics finally brought our conversation to a juddering halt.

The EU referendum was then four months away and I hadn't planned on raising it at all with her as it had seemed to me at the time a foregone conclusion, and anyway this was a showbiz interview. Sarah brought the subject up and was clearly dismayed when I made it clear I was going to vote to remain. Suddenly she saw me as an Establishment man, dull, boring and unable to think outside of the box, which I didn't think was fair at all.

She had not only written a poem about Brexit, but also a song with the repeated refrain "C'mon, old England". I sat quietly as she belted out all five verses.

I respected Sarah as an actress, and still do, but her passion about Brexit startled me. She was, looking back, the first supporter of Brexit I'd ever met. It was a jolt that made me suddenly aware the ground I was standing on wasn't nearly as stable as I'd imagined.

Sometimes it's best to keep quiet at times like this – I was her guest, after all – but she had asked for my opinion and I gave it to her. I tried in vain to convince her remaining would be best for our country, but she was having none of it. Up until that moment, I'd had a joyous day in the countryside and laughed a great deal, but we parted rather formally, both sensing we'd be unlikely to see each other ever again.



STARTLING:
British actress
Sarah Miles, 1965
Photo: Getty
Images

EUROFILE BOOKS

THE BARD OF THE BOOKSTORE

Carlos Ruiz Zafón's devotion to books was so strong that he turned down all offers to adapt his works for the screen. **CHARLIE CONNELLY** pays tribute to a supreme storyteller



Whether it was that used to tell stories to the young Carlos Ruiz Zafón, they are owed a huge debt of gratitude. Few writers in any language embraced the sheer wonder found in good storytelling as the bestselling author of *The Shadow of the Wind*. Somebody instilled that in him at an early age. It's instilled in many of us but most grow out of it, shaking off the magic that takes our imagination to its farthest boundaries, textbooks replacing story books at the centre of our learning, succumbing to the growing cynicism of growing up.

Zafón never lost that child's wonder. The stories he heard were so good and told so well that wonder not only became part of him, it was the core of his being.

His death from cancer at his home in Santa Monica, California, on June 19 at the age of 55 deprives literature of one of its most gifted writers, but he leaves behind some of the most beautifully told stories ever published. His *Cemetery of Forgotten Books* quartet that began in 2001 with *The Shadow of the Wind* is a landmark in modern European literature, comprising monumental feats of storytelling set to endure for generations.

The Shadow of the Wind has sold millions worldwide translated into more than 40 languages making it Spain's biggest-selling title since Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. *The Angel's Game*, the prequel that followed *The Shadow of the Wind*, sold 600,000 copies in its first week of publication and when Zafón arrived for his first signing event in his home city of Barcelona he found a queue waiting for him that stretched a for a full kilometre along Las Ramblas.

As news of Zafón's death emerged the Spanish prime minister Pedro Sánchez said: "We have lost one of the world's most read and most admired Spanish writers. Carlos Ruiz Zafón, a key novelist of our epoch, made a significant contribution to modern literature"

In their statement announcing his death, Zafón's publishers Planeta quoted from *The Shadow of the Wind*: "Every book, every volume you see here, has a soul. The soul of the person who wrote it

and of those who read it and lived and dreamed with it."

It was a quote well chosen because what shone through Zafón's work was an all-pervading love of books and the stories they hold.

"I've always been fascinated with words, images, sounds, with the science and art of storytelling because I feel that is exactly what it is: a science and an art, with the possibility to create entire worlds with just ink and paper," he said.

These weren't just words, either: he took the unusual step of turning down flat every approach to adapt his books for the screen because he wanted everyone to conjure his stories in their own imaginations. That's why he wrote them in the first place, so others could experience the same sense of magic he did as a child, the magic he'd retained and poured into his novels.

"To me these books are about literature, writing, reading and everything about the world of books. I don't see why everything

STORYTELLER:
1 Spanish novelist Carlos Ruiz Zafón, 2016

2 Penelope the cat at California's former Acres of Books store, which inspired Zafón's *Cemetery of Forgotten Books*

Photos: Getty Images

has to become a film or a TV series," he said. "Sometimes it is fine that books stay books. Nothing can tell a story with the depth, richness, precision and complexity that a good novel can."

This love of books was at the heart of his own, most notably in *The Shadow of the Wind*. The story opens in Barcelona at the end of the Second World War. Far from the vibrant tourism hotspot we know today, a decade into Franco's rule Barcelona is a city of ruins and shadows, secrets and mysteries. Among the shattered window panes and rubble-strewn streets 10-year-old Daniel Sempere becomes traumatised when he realises he can no longer remember his late mother's face. In response his father, a dealer in antiquarian books, takes Daniel to the oldest part of the city and into the secret, labyrinthine Cemetery of Forgotten Books, a repository for lost titles maintained by a close-knit and dedicated group of custodians.

It's a place that demonstrates the

immortality of books, even unread ones by authors whose names no longer mean anything to anyone. Even these books, Zafón is saying, are special. Their authors live on in their pages, their characters merely in hibernation until they are discovered again.

Whenever somebody new is introduced to the cemetery they are asked to choose a book from the shelves which becomes theirs to protect for life. Daniel picks *The Shadow of the Wind* by an unsuccessful novelist from the 1930s named Julián Carax. It's a book that draws Daniel into the orbit of a mysterious figure whose mission is to find and burn every last shred of Carax's work.

The Shadow of the Wind was published in English for the first time in 2004 in Lucia Graves' excellent translation and was praised widely on both sides of the Atlantic. Stephen King was instant convert.

"If you thought the true gothic novel died with the 19th century this will



BOOKS EUROFILE



cemetery of books would float in your mind," said Zafón in a 2009 interview. "After a few years I started thinking of it as a kind of visual metaphor, not just for forgotten books but for forgotten ideas and the destruction of memory."

He'd made California his home early in his career. The son of a Barcelona insurance broker, Zafón attended the Sant Ignasi school, a Jesuit establishment in the Sarrià district of Barcelona housed in a vast neo-Gothic building that inspired him to write a 600-page novel in his mid-teens. It landed on the desk of Francisco Porrúa, who had published Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and saw enough in the young writer to call him in. He showed great promise, he told Zafón, but there was no hurry.

After abandoning a degree Zafón drifted into advertising where he spent eight years as a copywriter, tinkering away at his writing in the evenings before leaving the security of regular employment in favour of a more spiritually fulfilling option: attempting to make a living from stories.

His first book, *El Príncipe de la Niebla*, (*The Prince of the Mist*) won the Edebé prize for young adult fiction in 1993. The £20,000 cheque also funded a move to Los Angeles with his wife MariCarmen where he found a steady stream of work as a screenwriter.

Something was missing, though. Hollywood was awash with screenwriters and while he was making a decent living the Hollywood sausage machine saw only a small percentage of commissioned screenplays actually turned into films. Working for no tangible end product grew more and more frustrating.

"I got paid to write things that were destined to stay in limbo forever," he said. "Such is the destiny of most screenwriters, but that is hardly a consolation."

Then he visited Acres of Books. Opened in Long Beach in 1934 the shelves of the vast, 12,000 square foot emporium held more than a million volumes. It closed in 2008 but Acres of Books was an institution in its lifetime, from donating a collection of impossibly rare and valuable books to the people of Long Beach to a wide range of regular customers, from Thurston Moore to Eli Wallach. It had drawn writers to its shelves since it opened: Ray Bradbury wrote *I Sing the Bookstore Eclectic* about it. Acres of Books would also inspire

change your mind," he wrote. "*Shadow* is the real deal, a novel full of cheesy splendour and creaking trapdoors, a novel where even the subplots have subplots."

Zafón would have been delighted with the endorsement.

"What I did was take all the great ambition in all those 19th century novels and try to reconstruct the Tolstoy, the Dickens, the Wilkie Collins, with all the narrative elements that the 20th century gave us," he said, "from the grammar of cinema, from multimedia, from general fiction, from everything that is out there, to create a much more intense reading experience for the readers."

The inspiration for the *Cemetery of Forgotten Books* landed the first time Zafón visited the vast Acres of Books in Long Beach, California, piled high with second-hand titles and those remaindered by their publishers.

"Certainly when you're walking down the aisles of that place the notion of a

FIVE GREAT BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS AND BOOKSHOPS

With bookshops beginning to open their doors again here are five books ripe for celebrating with.

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY: A HISTORY OF THE RAG AND BONE SHOP OF THE HEART
Krista Halverson (Distributed Art Publishers, £24.95)

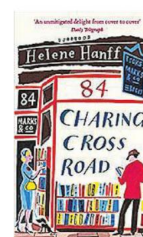
Arguably the most famous bookshop in Europe, Shakespeare & Co has always gone one step further than selling books. From its founder Sylvia Beach taking the brave step of publishing James Joyce's *Ulysses* to providing accommodation in-store to waifs, strays and dreamers, the shop's story and atmosphere are justly celebrated here.



84 CHARING CROSS ROAD

Helene Hanff (Sphere, £8.99)

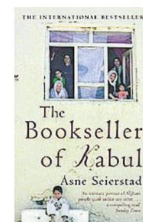
Based on the real-life correspondence between New York writer Hanff and Frank Doel, bookseller at Marks & Co, antiquarian book dealers of Charing Cross Road in London, this is a beautiful, life affirming book that echoes the push and pull of global events through the deep epistolary friendship between two unlikely correspondents. Marks & Co is long gone now: 84 Charing Cross Road was recently absorbed into a McDonald's.



THE BOOKSELLER OF KABUL
Åsne Seierstad, trans. Ingrid Christopherson (Virago, £8.99)

Two weeks after September 11, journalist Åsne Seierstad went to Afghanistan to report on the conflict there. She returned later to live with Sultan Khan and his family, a man

who for more than 20 years had defied the authorities to supply books to the people of Kabul. He was arrested, interrogated and imprisoned by the communists and watched illiterate Taliban soldiers burn piles of his books in the street, yet he kept going. A remarkable account of the power of books.



OFF THE SHELF: A CELEBRATION OF BOOKSHOPS IN VERSE

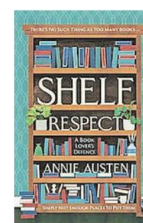
Carol Ann Duffy (Picador, £8.99)

Former poet laureate Duffy oversees a collection of specially commissioned verse from some of Britain's finest modern poets in celebration of the humble bookshop. Scottish makar Jackie Kay contributes, as does former national poet of Wales Gillian Clarke as well as Clive James, Don Paterson, Patience Agbabi and many more.



SHELF RESPECT
Annie Austen (Sphere, £12.99)

A slim but impassioned and hilarious celebration of books and their place in our homes and lives. A combination of short essays, anecdotes and lists, each page seems to bring a new nugget of bibliophilic joy, from how Samuel Pepys organised his bookshelves to Colonel Gaddafi's favourite book (*The Bridges of Madison County* by Robert James Waller, fact fans).



Zafón to his greatest work.

The third book, *The Prisoner of Heaven*, appeared in 2011 and he published the fourth and final instalment, *The Labyrinth of Spirits*, in 2016 with Graves's English translation appearing two years later. Always with an eye for the epic, Zafón had planned his story to span four volumes since the beginning. On learning of his death his editor Emili Rosales said he had always intended "a homage to books as a refuge of knowledge and sensibility, against the claws of cruel, insatiable power".

"In the end it has been what I dreamed of," Zafón said in 2017. "These are books about my own inner world, about writing and reading. I wanted to explore the creative process of storytelling, and this has allowed me to understand many things about myself. I do not know if I am wiser, but I feel more at peace with myself".

When most authors die at a relatively young age there's always a sense of what

was still to come, the books that were never written. It's slightly different with Zafón; his death comes with a sense of completion, somehow. There's every chance he would have gone on to produce more extraordinary work, but his masterpiece was finished. A four-volume epic that combined the eeriness of the gothic, the nostalgia for home of the emigrant and that deep, deep love of books and their stories.

"I am in the business of storytelling," he said in 2009. "I always have been, always will be."

"It is what I've been doing since I was a kid. Telling stories, making up tales, bringing life to characters, devising plots, visualizing scenes and staging sequences of events, images, words and sounds that tell a story. All in exchange for a penny, a smile or a tear, and a little of your time and attention."

"I write because I really have no other choice. This is what I do. This is what I am."

EUROFILE POEM AND PUZZLES

a poem for europe

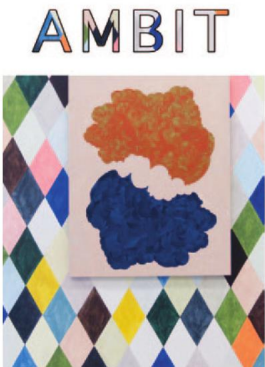


CAROLINE MALDONADO is a poet and translator living in the UK and Italy. Publications include: *What they say in Avenale* (Indigo Dreams Publishing 2014); *Isabella* (2019) and *Liminal* (2020) both published by Smokestack Books; and forthcoming *The Creek Men* (Knives Forks & Spoons 2020/21).

On the last day, in Cadiz

After the Sevillian orange trees and the painted tiles
of courtyards strewn with fallen fruit, after fountains
and arches echoing lines from Machado and fellow poets,
we take a train through saline lagoons and bird sanctuaries
to enter the salty light of a city prominent on its isthmus:
city of Phoenicians, Romans and Moors, city washed by water
on the far side of Europe where the old worlds reached out
to the Americas, bringing back riches to gild their cathedrals.
In paintings the Madonna opens her cape to shelter
her sailors and a carved St Christopher lifts a traveller child
across the river. From weighty monuments explorers still
look outwards across the Atlantic and the statue of José Martí,
a gift from Cuba, still sings of poetry and revolution.
Here there is sun where back home there is none
on this last day of January, 2020. *Cádiz, salada claridad*
on Europe's edge where fishing boats drift in the light.

A poem for Europe is edited by Briony Bax, Poetry Editor.
Submit your poems to poetryeditor@theneweuropean.co.uk



Poet or Writer?

Get into Ambit, the magazine that loves new literary talent.

www.ambitmagazine.co.uk



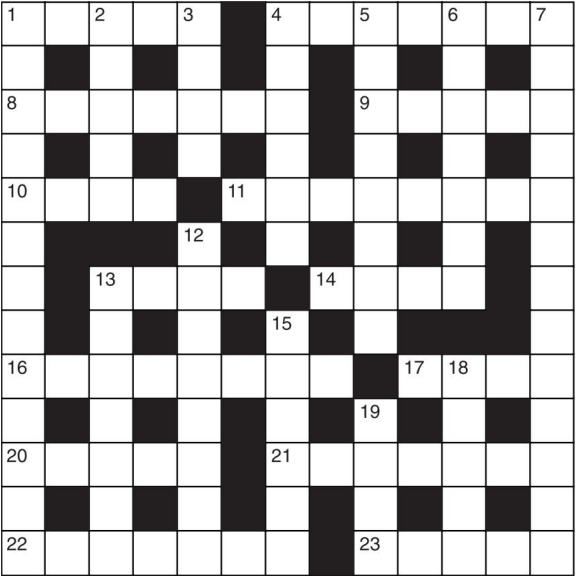
DORMONT ESTATE
LIVING IN BALANCE WITH THE ENVIRONMENT

Cryptic crosswords sponsored by www.dormontestate.com

Cryptic 1

Across
1 & 4 Across. Obstruct pieces of correspondence – they're boldly printed! (5,7)
4. See 1 Across.
8 Across & 19 Down. What the entertainment manager has to pay for dramatic advertisement (7,4)
9. This kind of hitch provides a little spice(5)
10 Across & 12 Down. Get left standing, like the politician who's become unpopular (4,4,4)
11. I've changed the decoration all round – it's centuries old (8)
13 & 14 Across. Manually created, we hear, for a servant (8)
14 See 13 Across.
16. The skill is to attempt aesthetic workmanship (8)
17. An expert gets the right genus of trees (4)
20. Weapon used to do some looting (5)
21. X is after a summons that's been recorded (7)

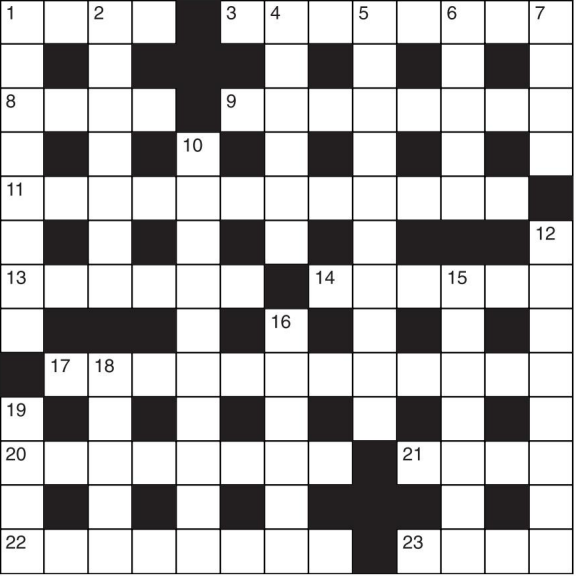
22. Made an erasure permitted in the document (7)
23. Catalogues of old-time tournament sites (5)
Down
1. Showing signs of having been engaged! (6-7)
2. Discloses nothing writers appended (5)
3. Bird restricted in flight by control line (4)
4. We hear the chief works of Schubert (6)
5. It's expedient to show diplomacy by one short call (8)
6. Developed naturally – went round topless! (7)
7. Add to the private strength (5,3,5)
12. See 10 Across.
13. Odious fault he made in a different way (7)
15. Mob round the east raised shouts of triumph (6)
18. Makes quotations – spectacles needed, we hear (5)
19. See 8 Across.



Cryptic 2

Across
1. Roman poet? (4)
3. Dying – bone buried in hillock (8)
8. Nothing to write it's plain to see (4)
9. Stern with more than 500 in this region (8)
11. A foreboding of this moment – about time after not starting (12)
13. Keep 16 with little change (6)
14. Put in order but barely in the Christian era (6)
17. Deny act I call not done on purpose (12)
20. We annoy, I make out, from a possible point of view (2,3,3)
21. Declare to be a promise (4)
22. Being more remote from the truth? (8)
23. Ted, perhaps, to go round and round in the water (4)

Down
1. Shakespearean character who could thrive on nothing (8)
2. It is given but not away (7)
4. After work I took a narcotic (6)
5. Scare – but I'd be in familiar surroundings (10)
6. Marriage for workers? (5)
7. An assignment in one's palmy days? (4)
10. Finely tied, no doubt (10)
12. Keep off – the support has been removed (4,4)
15. Not given heart, it would seem (7)
16. Recover, for example, in wet weather (6)
18. Credit frequently given to small farm (5)
19. There's nothing under cover, but one may bathe here (4)



Crossword solutions

Cryptic 1
Across: 1 Block; 4 Letters; 8 Theatre; 9 Clove; 10 Lose; 11 Medieval; 13 Hand; 14 Maid; 16 Artistry; 17 Acer; 20 Rifle; 21 Written; 22 Deleted; 23 Lists.
Down: 1 Battle-scarred; 2 Opens; 3 Kite; 4 Leader; 5 Tactical; 6 Evolved; 7 Swell the ranks; 12 One's seat; 13 Hatful; 15 Crowded; 18 Cites; 19 Bill.

Cryptic 2
Across: 1 Pope; 3 Moribund; 8 Open; 9 District; 11 Presentiment; 13 Retain; 14 Adjust; 17 Accidentally; 20 In one way; 21 Avow; 22 Outlying; 23 Eddy.
Down: 1 Prospero; 2 Present; 4 Opiate; 5 Intimidate; 6 Union; 7 Date; 10 Definitely; 12 Stay away; 15 Unloved; 16 Regain; 18 Croit; 19 Lido.

Sudoku solutions

Medium 1

9	2	7	4	6	5	8	1	3
3	5	4	1	7	8	6	2	9
1	8	6	3	2	9	4	5	7
4	9	7	8	1	2	5	7	6
8	7	5	9	3	6	1	4	2
2	6	1	7	5	4	3	9	8
7	1	2	5	8	3	9	6	4
4	8	2	9	1	7	3	5	6
5	3	9	6	4	7	2	8	1

Medium 2

2	5	8	4	7	1	9	6	3
7	1	3	9	8	6	4	5	2
6	4	9	3	2	5	7	8	1
4	7	1	8	5	3	2	9	6
5	3	6	1	9	2	8	4	7
8	9	2	7	6	4	1	3	5
1	2	4	5	3	8	6	7	9
9	8	5	6	1	7	3	2	4
3	6	7	2	4	9	5	1	8

Hard 1

1	4	5	3	9	6	2	7	1
2	7	3	4	1	8	9	6	5
1	9	6	5	7	2	3	4	8
9	3	2	1	5	4	6	8	7
6	1	7	2	8	3	4	5	9
5	8	4	9	6	7	1	2	3
4	6	8	7	3	1	5	9	2
7	5	1	6	2	9	8	3	4
3	2	9	8	4	5	7	1	6

Hard 2

1	4	8	2	5	6	3	9	7
5	6	3	7	9	4	8	2	1
7	2	9	8	1	3	6	5	4
4	8	2	1	6	9	7	3	5
3	1	6	5	7	2	4	8	9
5	8	4	9	6	7	1	2	3
6	7	5	9	8	1	2	4	3
8	9	4	3	2	7	5	1	6
2	3	1	6	4	5	9	7	8

Numberfit solutions

1	4	3	1	3	4	2	2	3
2	6	7	1	2	3	4	3	3
3	9	9	1	2	9	9	3	6
2	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	4
2	9	8	4	3	9	8	4	3
3	7	6	7	8	2	3	3	3
4	1	3	2	2	3	3	3	3

4	4	3	7	2	9	9	4	4
4	2	0	1	0	1	0	1	1
1	7	1	3	9	8	6	6	6
6	3	3	1	6	8	9	2	6
2	0	6	1	7	1	3	3	3
4	1	8	9	2	2	9	2	2
8	8	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
0	2	5	2	0	9	2	2	5

Sudoku – medium 1

9		7	4				1	
			1			6		9
1		6		2			5	
4	9			1				
		5	9		6	1		
				5			9	8
	1			8		9		4
6		8			1			
	3				7	2		1

Sudoku – medium 2

	5		4		1		6	
7		3				4		2
	4		3		5		8	
4		1				2		6
8		2				1		5
	2		5		8		7	
9		5				3		4
	6		2		9		1	

Sudoku – hard 1

8	4		3	9				
2				1		9		
						3	4	
9			1					
6	1						5	9
					7			3
	6	8						
		1		2				4
				4	5		1	6

Sudoku – hard 2

1	4						9	
5						8		1
			8		3		5	
		2		6		7		
			5		2			
		7		3		1		
	7		9		1			
8		4						6
	3						7	8

Numberfit

Fit the listed numbers into each grid.

Numberfit 1

2 digits: 12 – 32 – 34 – 43 – 56 – 63 – 72 – 78
3 digits: 194 – 267 – 293 – 376 – 672 – 762
4 digits: 2884 – 2993 – 3884 – 3991
5 digits: 69987 – 79986
7 digits: 3134422 – 3234422 – 4132233 – 4232233
9 digits: 117988651 – 246988783 – 298989894

Numberfit 2

2 digits: 43 – 63 – 92 – 94
3 digits: 100 – 129 – 171 – 321 – 398 – 688 – 841 – 881
4 digits: 2010 – 2061 – 2100 – 7131 – 7133 – 7301 – 9092 – 9390
5 digits: 42520 – 72994
6 digits: 209672 – 316892 – 319492 – 418922
8 digits: 41623205 – 41624804

A BRIEF HISTORY OF IRISH COLONIALISM

PETER TRUDGILL on some expansionist chapters in the island’s history



It is not usual to think of the Irish as being colonialists. On the contrary, we know a great deal about how the island of Ireland has suffered from the effects of colonialism on the part of the Vikings, the English, the Scots, and the British. And with the current political division of the island into the Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland, we are still living with the consequences of British colonialism today. The results of these experiences of colonialism are also apparent from the fact that the Irish Gaelic language has been replaced as a mother tongue on the island by English.

But there is also an interesting history of the Irish themselves acting as colonisers, and for this, too, we have considerable linguistic evidence. Until relatively recently, the main language of the Scottish Highlands and Hebridean Islands was, and had been for very many centuries, Gaelic; and this language still survives quite strongly in some areas, especially on the Isle of Skye and in the Outer Hebrides. The BBC TV channel Alba broadcasts in Gaelic, as does BBC Radio nan Gàidheal.

But Gaelic was not originally a Scottish language. Like English, it was a colonial intruder. Its original homeland was in Ireland. Gaelic appeared in Scotland only when colonists from Ireland started heading eastwards across the Irish Sea and settling in Argyll on the Scottish west coast, founding the kingdom of Dál Riata, which had its original centre at the hill-fort of Dunadd, near Lochgilphead. The kingdom also included parts of County Antrim on the Irish side of the channel between Scotland and Ireland.

Between about 400 AD and 800 AD, these Irish colonialists gradually spread out across the whole of central and northern Scotland, replacing or absorbing the indigenous people and killing off their language.

The Gaelic-speaking Irish invaders were known to the Ancient Britons as the “Scots”, while the indigenous people were known to the Romans as the “Picti”, possibly from the Latin word *pictus*, ‘painted’ – in English, the *Picts*.

The Picts spoke a variety of the same Brittonic Celtic language which was the ancestor of Modern Welsh, but they had come to be thought of as being a different ethnic group from the Britons south of Hadrian’s Wall.

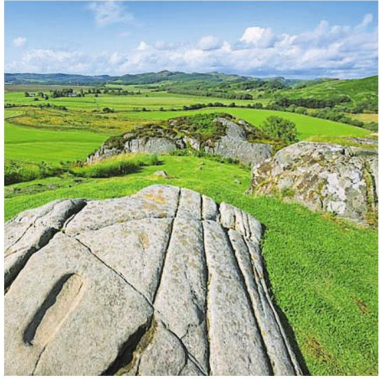
The Romano-Britons of the south had been citizens of the Roman Empire for 400 years and had developed a culture which was to a certain extent Romanised. The Britons north of the Wall, the Picts, had not.

Pictish culture and language in Scotland were destroyed as a result of

Irish colonisation. The same thing happened on the Isle of Man, which had originally also been Brittonic speaking. Large-scale migration from Ireland totally changed the culture of Man, and the language of the island became, not Welsh, but Manx Gaelic.

There is also evidence of Irish colonisation elsewhere in Britain. Archaeological research suggests that there were two waves of Irish settlement in southwestern England. The first wave affected northern Cornwall and part of western Devon during the late 400s AD – so at about the same time that the Irish settlers were arriving in Argyll – with a second wave arriving in west Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly during the 500s. There is also a possibility that Irish Gaelic-speaking people established colonies in parts of Wales, though this is less certain.

Also fascinating is the suggestion that small communities of Gaelic-speaking Irish people had become established in Iceland well before the arrival of the Vikings, who found them already in residence when they arrived in around 870. These may have been monastic settlements. But in any case we would not want to talk of Irish colonialism (as opposed to colonisation) in Iceland because the island was, as far as we know, totally uninhabited before the arrival of the Norsemen and of any Gaels who may have preceded them.



CROWNING GLORY: Dunadd hill-fort, the original crowning place of the Kings of Scotland, near Lochgilphead, Argyll

Photo: Getty Images

COLONY

Colony comes from Latin *colonia*, from *colonus*, ‘cultivator’, connected to *colere*, ‘to live in, take care of’. *Colonia* originally meant ‘farm, estate, settlement’ but came to refer specifically to settlements of Romans in recently conquered areas. The use of *colonialism* to signify ‘the exploitation of weaker peoples by larger powers’ dates to the 1940s.

EUROFILE GREAT LIVES

SECRET HERO:
Jean Moulin
pictured in 1939
Photo: Getty Images

GREAT EUROPEAN LIVES

BY CHARLIE CONNELLY

#154

JEAN MOULIN

JUNE 20, 1899 – JULY 8, 1943

The morning of December 19, 1964, heralded one of those cold Parisian days when the chill seeps right through to the bone. André Malraux, novelist and minister for cultural affairs, stood at a lectern in front of the Pantheon addressing president Charles de Gaulle and other gathered dignitaries, his breath clouding as he spoke. It was an impassioned speech, the dedication of an urn containing the ashes of a man 20 years dead ahead of its placement among the remains of France's national heroes. At the conclusion of the address, in which he had given a detailed account of the man's achievements and brutal death, Malraux spoke directly to the coming generation.

"Today, young people of France, may you think of this man as you would have reached out your hands to his poor, unrecognisable face on that last day, to those lips that never let fall a word of betrayal.

"On that day his face was the face of France."

Just two decades after the end of the Second World War, Malraux was aware the activities of the French Resistance were already ancient history to some. While he could see gathered in front of him faces whose heroism had helped to liberate the nation and he could call up in his mind faces of those who had died for their country, to the first post-war generation to come of age these were aging men and women they wouldn't notice if they passed them in the street. The name of Jean Moulin would have meant nothing to them. The ceremony held that freezing morning would help to change that.

Within three decades there would be 37 monuments, 113 plaques, 365 schools and a university bearing Moulin's name across France, not to mention nearly 1,000 assorted streets, squares, bridges and stadiums. Only de Gaulle himself is more widely commemorated.

In some ways Moulin was an unlikely national hero. When France was invaded Moulin was a womanising divorcé, the son of an influential freemason who had scraped a law degree, milked every contact and charmed and smarted his way up the greasy pole of politics to become prefect of Aveyron, the youngest person in the country to hold the post. His father's connections helped him dodge conscription in 1917, and by the time he was finally drafted it was so late in the war the Armistice was signed two days before Moulin's unit was to be deployed.

That didn't mean his experience of the war was entirely privileged. He was still put to work burying French soldiers killed in one of the conflict's last battles near Metz and he never forgot the sight of

emaciated prisoners returning to France after captivity, experiences that would help formulate his response when the Nazis invaded his homeland.

As the Wehrmacht poured into northern France in 1940 many French citizens – around eight million according to some sources – headed south in a massive internal migration. Moulin stayed in his regional capital Chartres, southwest of Paris, and was there to meet the Germans when they arrived on June 17, 1940. Immediately they presented him with a document to sign, one that confirmed three Senegalese soldiers they'd just killed had been guilty of rape.

Moulin refused, was taken away, beaten up and locked up. Assuming he would likely be executed he picked up a piece of broken glass and sliced at his own throat. German sentries heard the commotion and prevented him from bleeding out, leaving Moulin with a scar so fearsome he wore a scarf around his neck for the rest of his life.

Although he returned to his post, attempting to keep order in Chartres as chaos reigned, aided only by the former mayor, a couple of journalists, some priests and two dozen nuns, Moulin was eventually removed by the Vichy regime, apparently for his pre-war associations with radical socialism. Having already obtained false identity papers in the name of Jean Mercier, Moulin then headed south to Resistance contacts in Marseille, then travelled through Spain to Portugal and caught a boat to England.

In London, Moulin met with de Gaulle, whose famous rallying call to the French people had been broadcast from the BBC studios the same day Moulin had tried to kill himself. The Resistance at this stage was a loose federation of regional units who de Gaulle was keen to bring together under the Free French banner, a single national organisation under his remote direction. Impressed from the start by Moulin, de Gaulle tasked the former prefect with returning to France and uniting the disparate factions.

On the night of January 2, 1942, Moulin was parachuted back into France carrying a gun and a matchbox containing a microfilm of a letter from de Gaulle authorising him to act on his behalf.

Moulin proved a highly effective unifier and convenor, winning over almost immediately three important Resistance leaders in Henri Frenay, Emmanuel d'Astier and Jean-Pierre Levy.

"It would be insane and criminal in the event of Allied action on the continent not to make use of troops prepared for the greatest sacrifices, scattered and unorganised today, but tomorrow capable

of making up a united army of parachute troops already in place, familiar with the terrain and having already selected their enemy and determined their objective," he told them.

Arguably his greatest achievement was to organise the Conseil national de la Résistance, a meeting in occupied Paris attended by all the organisations he'd set out to bring together on May 27, 1943. There were 16 delegates: eight Resistance groups, five political parties, two trade unions and Moulin. It was convincing the Resistance groups to include the political parties that represented his greatest triumph: all of them were sceptical and reluctant to politicise their activities, but in effect Moulin had created a government of national unity on the ground with its own armed forces. The council's first move was to declare de Gaulle head of the French provisional government they had just become.

Moulin's triumph was short-lived, however. He'd suspected for a long time the Gestapo were onto him and was always extra careful, only meeting on premises with at least two exits. On June 21, 1943, he arrived at the surgery of a GP named Frédéric Dugoujon in the Lyon suburb of Caluire-et-Cuire for a meeting in an upstairs waiting room with local Resistance leaders. The only way in and out was via the stairs but it was thought a group of men in a doctor's waiting room wouldn't be enough to arouse suspicion.

"I was treating a patient at the time and all of a sudden I heard crashing on the stairs then the thunder of footsteps above my head," recalled Dugoujon. "I knew it was over."

The men were taken to Montluc prison and interrogated by Klaus Barbie, the notorious Butcher of Lyon. They were beaten and tortured for days. Raymond Aubrac, also arrested in the raid, was the last person to recall seeing Moulin alive.

Moulin refused to betray his country, even when Barbie drove him to Paris to continue the torture at the home of Major Karl Bömelburg, the head of the Gestapo in France. Reports of Moulin's death are sketchy and hard to confirm precisely, but it's believed he died on a train to Germany somewhere around Metz, possibly through suicide.

After the war there was accusation and counter-accusation, and even a theory that Moulin was a lifelong communist who was handed over to the Russians. There is even some doubt whether the ashes in the Pantheon are even his. René Hardy, one of the attendees at that fateful Lyon meeting, was tried twice after the war for betraying Moulin but was acquitted both times. He maintained his innocence until his death in 1984.

Whatever the circumstances of his arrest and death Moulin had achieved what he'd set out to do. His mission was incredibly dangerous: uniting secretive factions suspicious of anyone from outside their organisations and winning them over with his conviction that it was the best thing for France, then putting together a secret provisional government right under the noses of the oppressors.

There were others responsible of course but it's not too much of a stretch to suggest that Moulin's activities and courageous silence remain in the very foundations of the France we know today. André Malraux's speech was the first step towards the recognition he deserved. The man of secrets had become a national hero.

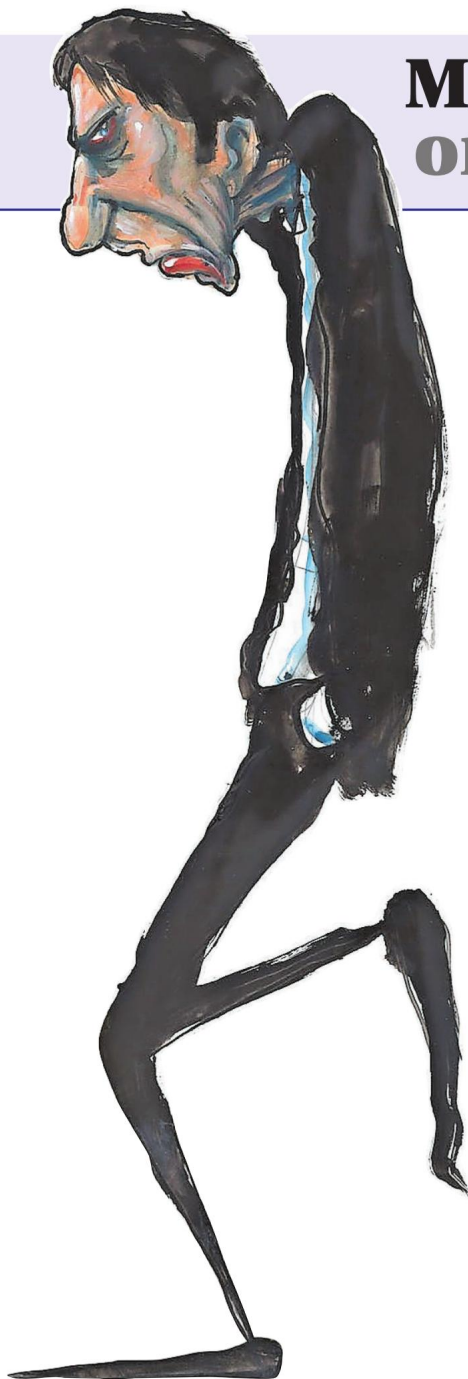
WILL SELF

It was sultry on the Wednesday night, and there were helicopters up in the vicinity – two or three that kept circling, hovering, then circling again. “There has to be something going on,” said my partner, as we got ready for bed – but I only muttered to the effect that, living where we did you had to expect a fair amount of this sort of thing: we’re only a mile from the US embassy at Nine Elms, and during the Black Lives Matter protest ten days earlier, the skies had been thronged. But anyway, if you follow Peter Ackroyd – whose magisterial *London, the Biography* proposes the city as strange sort of bricky entity – civil disturbances become just one of the ways it acts out its immemorial passions: dividing ordinary Londoners into passive audiences and active mobs, with the authorities playing the role of heavy-handed ushers.

Ackroyd also thinks the city possesses a sort of phrenology; whereby the bumps and depressions of certain districts indicate their enduring character. If this were true, the Metropolitan Police would be wise to get a better ‘feel’ for this area than they currently do: on the Thursday morning we found out what the “something going on” had been: a block party at Overton Road – a mile in the opposite direction, towards Brixton – where hundreds had gathered to drink, smoke, and dance to sound systems. While breaking it up 20 officers had been injured. Midway between us and there lies Normandy Road, where, in 1985, during a heavy-handed raid in search of her son, the police shot Dorothy Groce, leaving her paralysed – and sparking off three days of serious rioting.

This was the second incident of major civil unrest the district had seen in four years – and the second time barricades had gone up on Brixton Road, and Molotov cocktails had been thrown. The summer of 2020 is already hot and bothered, as if all of south London were a Covid-19 patient – if Dame Cressida Dick, the Metropolitan Police commissioner, wants to get through it without more of her officers coming under attack, she and her local commanders need to reach out to the community and gain its trust, rather than acting like some Vietnam era ‘air cav’ unit that loves the smell of napalm in the morning.

Its trust or our trust? After all, I’m about as likely to attend a block party as I am a Scientology convention – and I fear civil disorder quite as much as any other ageing middle class person, so surely I owe the police my support as a matter of course? I was pondering all of this on the Friday, as I cycled still further south to Brockwell Park. Behind the hill that forms the park’s apex, there’s a small valley of rougher grassland. On a hot summer’s day, you can lie here in a mini-blizzard of thistledown and butterflies, contemplating the horizon, which on all sides is formed by trees and shrubbery – the only evidence of the surrounding city being the slim Neogothic spire of Holy Trinity, Tulse Hill. Anyway, I was enjoying this sylvan scene when I was approached by a young man, who’d recognised me – and who also knew I taught at Brunel University.



Multicultural Man .. on the joy from jazz



NUANCE: Jazz musician Shabaka Hutchings

Photo: George Nelson

George Nelson is an alumnus – but graduated in film and English literature before my time. A curator, lecturer and photographer, he’s spent the last few years putting together *Scenes*, a beautifully-presented photo essay on the alternative jazz scene in London. George plunked himself down beside me, and we wiled away 20 minutes or so putting the world to rights. We talked about the goings on at Overton Road, and the BLM demonstrations – and he said he found it pretty odd when people felt they had to tell everyone what their reading lists were via social media. Obviously the pandemic has hit George pretty hard: his photography depends – at least in part – on precisely those scenes typified by social proximity rather than distance.

In his introduction to *Scenes*, George writes: “One reason behind documenting London’s current (jazz) scene was a feeling that the press coverage surrounding it was a little light on the nuance always present in these things”; elsewhere he muses: “can the divides that exist within the scene be drawn along race or class lines?” Wise words – and they made me think that as it is to the alternative London jazz scene, so it is to the culture more generally: press coverage of racial and class divisions is almost always lacking in nuance. The most obvious form this takes is that everyone who’s quoted or otherwise identified in a given article, is described in terms of their race, ethnicity or heritage – the implication being that this means they are necessarily partisan.

I bought a copy of *Scenes* from George – who, like all good freelance cultural workers, had some of his own product to hand. You, too, can buy one at his website: georgenelsonphotography.com. Jazz can be viewed as a contested cultural site, subject to divisions and appropriations – but looking at George’s photos I just see musicians, playing joyfully together.

THE NEW EUROPEAN
PODCAST



★ Available Friday morning on iTunes, Audioboom and Spotify or at www.theneweuropean.co.uk ★